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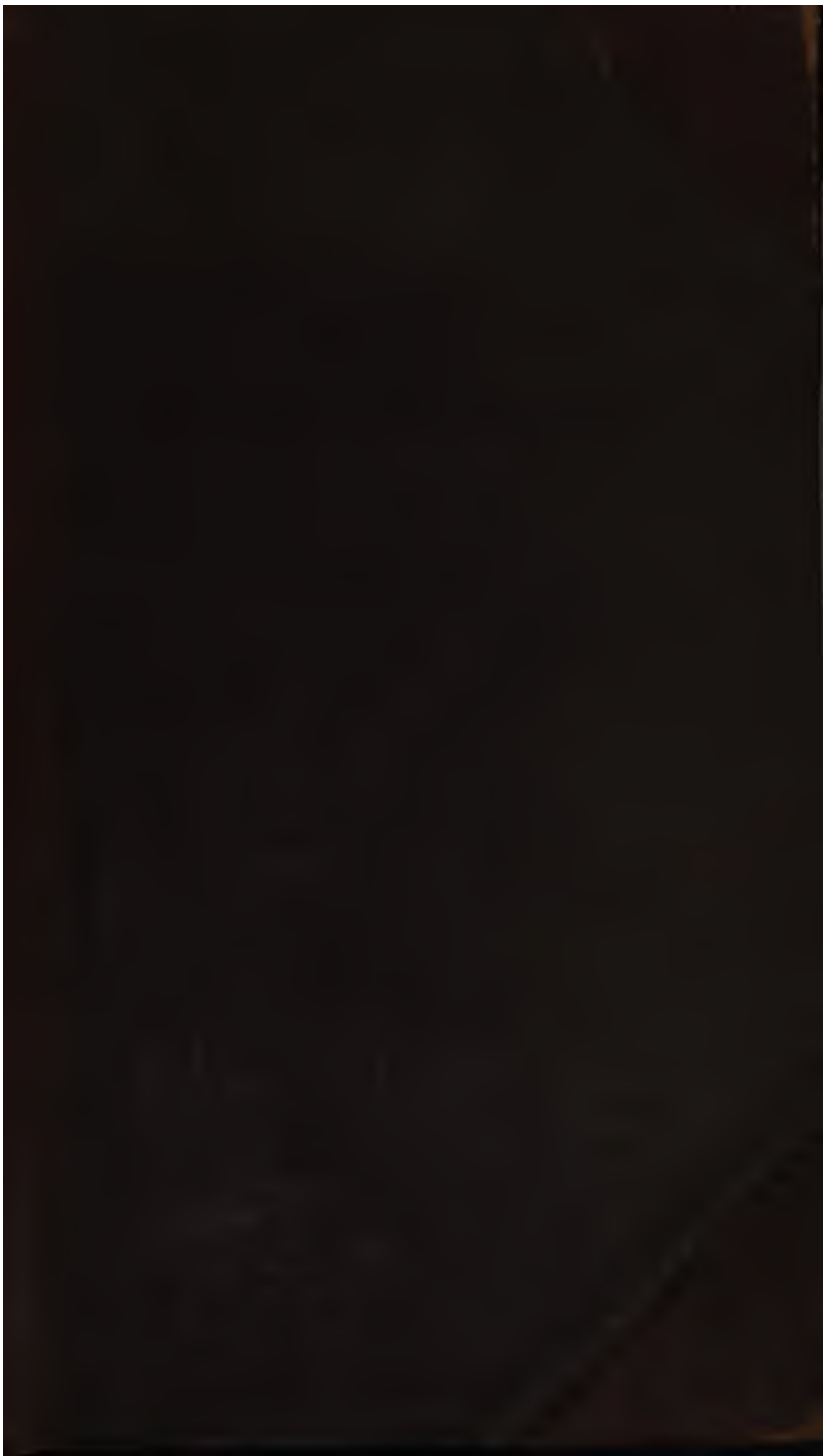
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# DASHES AT LIFE

WITH A FREE PENCIL.

BY

N. P. WILLIS,

AUTHOR OF "PENCILINGS BY THE WAY." ETC. ETC.

---

*Armado.* How hast thou purchased this experience?  
*Moth.* By my penny of observation."

SHAKSPERE.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS

OF

## THE THIRD VOLUME.

	PAGE
LIGHT VERVAIN - - - - -	1
NORA MEHIDY; OR, THE STRANGE ROAD TO THE HEART OF MR. HYPOLET LEATHERS - - - - -	18
THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER - - - - -	32
MRS. PASSABLE TROTT - - - - -	48
THE SPIRIT-LOVE OF IONE S——;” (SINCE DISCOVERED TO BE MISS JONES) - - - - -	60
MABEL WYNNE - - - - -	75
THE GHOST-BALL AT CONGRESS HALL - - - - -	96
BORN TO LOVE PIGS AND CHICKENS - - - - -	114
THE WIDOW BY BREVET - - - - -	138
THOSE UNGRATEFUL BLIDGIMSES - - - - -	166
PASSAGES FROM A CORRESPONDENCE WRITTEN AT NEW YORK	197
POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF CINNA BEVERLEY - - - - -	261
To the Julia of some Years ago - - - - -	266
MR. GOGGINS - - - - -	291
MRS. FLIMSON - - - - -	299

## SCRIPTURE SKETCHES.

	PAGE
RIZPAH AND HER SONS - - -	- 307
LAZARUS AND MARY - - - -	- 312
THOUGHTS WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE OF A NEW-BORN	
CHILD - - - - -	- 319
ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE REV. MR. WHITE	- 322
THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD - - -	- 325
REVERY AT GEENMARY - - -	- 327
A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE - - -	- 329

## DASHES AT LIFE.

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### LIGHT VERVAIN.

“And thou, light vervain, too — thou next come after,  
Provoking souls to mirth and easy laughter.”

*Old Somebody.*

*Rome, May 30. 1832.*

DINED with F—— the artist, at a *trattoria*. F—— is a man of genius, very adventurous and imaginative in his art, but never caring to show the least touch of these qualities in his conversation. His pictures have given him great vogue and consideration at Rome, so that his daily experience furnishes staple enough for his evening's chit-chat, and he seems, of course, to be always talking of himself. He is very generally set down as an egotist. His impulse to talk, however, springs from no wish for

self-glorification, but rather from an indolent aptness to lay hands on the readiest and most familiar topic, and that is a kind of egotism to which I have very little objection — particularly with the mind fatigued, as it commonly is in Rome, by a long day's study of works of art.

I had passed the morning at the Barberini palace with a party of picture-hunters, and I made some remark as to the variety of impressions made upon the minds of different people by the same picture. *A propos* of this remark: F—— told me a little anecdote, which I must try to put down by way of a new shoal in the chart of human nature.

“It is very much the same with every thing else,” said F——; “no two people see with the same eyes, physically or morally; and, faith, we might save ourselves a great deal of care and bother if we did but keep it in mind.”

“As how?” I asked, for I saw that this vague remark was premonitory of an illustration.

“I think I introduced young Skyring to you at a party somewhere?”

“A youth with a gay waistcoat and nothing to say? Yes.”

“ Well — your observation just now reminded me of the different estimate put by that gentleman and myself upon something, and if I could give you any idea of my month’s work in his behalf, you would agree with me that I might have spared myself some trouble — keeping in mind, as I said before, the difference in optics.

“ I was copying a bit of foreshortening from a picture in the Vatican, one day, when this youth passed without observing me. I did not immediately recollect him. He was dressed like a figure in a tailor’s window, and with Mrs. Stark in his hand was hunting up the pictures marked with four notes of admiration, and I, with a smile at the waxy dandyism of the man, turned to my work and forgot him. Presently his face recurred to me, or rather his sister’s face, which some family likeness had insensibly recalled, and getting another look, I recognised in him an old, though not very intimate playmate of my boyish days. It immediately occurred to me that I could serve him a very good turn by giving him the *entrée* to society here, and quite as immediately, it occurred

to me to doubt whether it was worth my while."

"And what changed your mind," I asked, "for of course you came to the conclusion that it was not?"

"Oh, for his sake alone I should have left him as he was, a hermit in his varnished boots — for he had not an acquaintance in the city — but Kate Skyring had given me roses when roses were to me each a world; and for her sake, though I was a rejected lover, I thought better of my demurrer. Then I had a little pique to gratify — for the Skyings had rather given me the *de haut en bas* in declining the honour of my alliance, (lucky for me, since it brought me here and made me what I am,) and I was not indisposed to show that the power to serve, to say the least, was now on my side."

"Two sufficient, as well as dramatic reasons for being civil to a man."

"Only arrived at, however, by a night's deliberation, for it cost me some trouble of thought and memory to get back into my chrysalis, and imagine myself at all subject to people so much below my present vogue — whatever that is

worth! Of course I don't think of Kate in this comparison, for a woman one has once loved is below nothing. We'll drink her health, God bless her!"

(A bottle of lagrima.)

"I left my card on Mr. Skyring the next morning, with a note enclosing three or four invitations which I had been at some trouble to procure, and a hope from myself of the honour of his company to a quiet dinner. He took it as a statue would take a shower-bath, wrote me a note in the third person in reply to mine in the first, and came in ball dress and sulphur gloves at precisely the canonical fifteen minutes past the hour. Good old Thorwaldsen dined with me, and an English viscount, for whom I was painting a picture; and, between my talking Italian to the venerable sculptor, and Skyring's belording and belordshipping the good-natured nobleman, the dinner went trippingly off—the Little Pedlington of our mutual nativity furnishing less than its share to the conversation.

"We drove, all together, to the Palazzo Rossi, for it was the night of the marchesa's *soirée*. As sponsor, I looked with some satis-



faction at Skyring in the ante-room, his toggery being quite unexceptionable, and his *maintien* very uppish and assured. I presented him to our fair hostess, who surveyed him as he approached with a satisfactory look of approval, and no one else chancing to be near, I left him to improve what was rather a rare opportunity — a *tête-à-tête* with the prettiest woman in Rome. Five minutes after I returned to reconnoitre, and there he stood, stroking down his velvet waistcoat, and looking from the carpet to the ceiling, while the marchioness was quite red with embarrassment and vexation. He had not opened his lips! She had tried him in French and Italian (the dunce had told me that he spoke French too), and finally she had ventured upon English, which she knew very little of, and still he neither spoke nor ran away!

“ ‘Perhaps monsieur would like to dance,’ said the marchioness, gliding away from him with a look of inexpressible relief, and trusting to me to find him a partner.

“ ‘I had no difficulty in finding him a partner, for (that far) his waistcoat ‘put him on velvet,’

but I could not trust him alone again; so, having presented him to a very pretty woman, and got them *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille, I stood by to supply the shortcomings. And little of a sinecure it was! The man had nothing to say, nor, confound him, had he any embarrassment on the subject. He looked at his varnished pumps, and coaxed his coat to his waist, and set back his neck like a goose bolting a grasshopper, and took as much interest in the conversation as a footman behind your chair—deaf and dumb apparently, but perfectly at his ease. He evidently had no idea that there was any distinction between men except in dress, and was persuaded that he was entirely successful as far as he had gone; and as to my efforts in his behalf, he clearly took them as gratuitous on my part—probably thinking, from the difference in our exteriors, that I paid myself in the glory of introducing him.

“Well—I had begun so liberally that I could scarce refuse to find my friend another partner, and after that another and another—I, to avoid the odium of inflicting a bore on my fair acquaintances, feeling compelled to

continue my service as chorus in the pantomime—and, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that I submitted to this bore nightly for a month! I could not get rid of him. He would not be let go. Without offending him mortally, and so undoing all my sentimental outlay for Kate Skyring and her short-sighted papa, I had nothing for it but to go on till he should go off—ridden to death with him in every conceivable variety of bore.”

“And is he gone?”

“Gone. And now, what thanks do you suppose I got for all this?”

“A present of a pencil-case?”

“No, indeed! but a lesson in human nature that will stick by me much longer. He called at my studio yesterday morning to say good-by. Through all my sense of his boredom and relief at the prospect of being rid of him, I felt embarrassed when he came in, thinking how difficult it would be for him to express properly his sense of the obligation he was under to me. After half an hour’s monologue (by myself) on pictures, &c., he started up and said he must go. ‘And, by-the-by,’ said he, colouring a

little, ‘there is one thing I want to say to you, Mr. F——! Hang it, it has stuck in my throat ever since I met you! You’ve been very polite, and I’m obliged to you, of course—but *I don’t like your devilish patronising manner!* Good-by, Mr. F——!’”

\* \* \* \*

The foregoing is a leaf from a private diary which I kept at Rome. In making a daily entry of such passing stuff as interests us, we sometimes, amid much that should be ticketed for oblivion, record that which has a bearing, important or amusing, on the future; and a late renewal of my acquaintance with Mr. F——, followed by a knowledge of some fortunate changes in his worldly condition, has given that interest to this otherwise unimportant scrap of diary which will be made apparent presently to the reader. A vague recollection that I had something in an old book which referred to him induced me to look it up, and I was surprised to find that I had noted down, in this trifling anecdote, what turned out to be the mainspring of his destiny.

F—— returned to his native country after

five years' study of the great masters of Italy. His first pictures painted at Rome procured for him, as is stated in the diary I have quoted, a high reputation. He carried with him a style of his own, which was merely stimulated and heightened by his first year's walk through the galleries of Florence, and the originality and boldness of his manner of colouring seemed to promise a sustained novelty in the art. Gradually, however, the awe of the great masters seemed to overshadow his confidence in himself, and as he travelled and deepened his knowledge of painting, he threw aside feature after feature of his own peculiar style, till at last he fell into the track of the great army of imitators, who follow the immortals of the Vatican as doomed ships follow the Flying Dutchman.

Arrived at home, and depending solely on his art for a subsistence, F—— commenced the profession to which he had served so long an apprenticeship. But his pictures sadly disappointed his friends. After the first specimens of his acquired style in the annual exhibitions, the calls at his rooms became fewer and farther between, and his best works were returned from

the galleries unsold. Too proud to humour the popular taste by returning to what he considered an inferior stage of his art, he stood still with his reputation ebbing from him, and as his means, of course, depended on the tide of public favour, he was soon involved in troubles, before which his once-brilliant hopes rapidly faded.

At this juncture he received the following letter : —

“ You will be surprised on glancing at the signature to this letter. You will be still more surprised when you are reminded that it is a reply to an unanswered one of your own — written years ago. That letter lies by me, expressed with all the diffidence of boyish feeling. And it seems as if its diffidence would encourage me in what I wish to say. Yet I write far more tremblingly than you could have done.

“ Let me try to prepare the way by some explanation of the past.

“ You were my first lover. I was not forbidden, at fourteen, to express the pleasure I

felt at your admiration, and you cannot have forgotten the ardour and simplicity with which I returned it. I remember giving you roses better than I remember any thing so long ago. Now—writing to you with the same feeling warm at my heart—it seems to me as if it needed but a rose, could I give it you in the same garden, to make us lovers again. Yet I know you must be changed. I scarce know whether I should go on with this letter.

“But I owe you reparation. I owe you an answer to this which lies before me; and if I err in answering it as my heart burns to do, you will at least be made happier by knowing that, when treated with neglect and repulsion, you were still beloved.

“I think it was not long before the receipt of this letter that my father first spoke to me of our attachment. Till then I had only thought of loving you. That you were graceful and manly, that your voice was sweet, and that your smile made me happy, was all I could have told of you without reflection. I had never reasoned upon your qualities of mind, though I had taken an unconscious pride in

your superiority to your companions, and least of all had I asked myself whether those abilities for making your way in the world which my father denied you were among your boyish energies. With a silent conviction that you had no equal among your companions, in any thing, I listened to my father's disparagement of you, bewildered and overawed, the very novelty and unexpectedness of the light in which he spoke of you sealing my lips completely. Perhaps resistance to his will would have been of no avail, but had I been better prepared to reason upon what he urged, I might have expressed to you the unwillingness of my acquiescence. I was prevented from seeing you till your letter came, and then all intercourse with you was formally forbidden. My father said he would himself reply to your proposal. But it was addressed to me, and I have only recovered possession of it by his death.

“Though it may seem like reproaching you for yielding me without an effort, I must say, to complete the history of my own feelings, that I nursed a vague hope of hearing from



you until your departure for Italy, and that this hope was extinguished not without bitter tears. The partial resentment that mingled with this unhappiness aided me doubtless in making up my mind to forget you, and for a while, for years I may say, I was possessed by other excitements and feelings. It is strange, however, that, though scarce remembering you when waking, I still saw you perpetually in my dreams.

“ And, so far, this is a cold and easy recital. How shall I describe to you the next change, the re-awakening of this smothered and slumbering affection! How shall I evade your contempt when I tell you that it awoke with your renown! But my first feeling was not one of love. When your name began to come to us in the letters of travellers and in the rumour of literary circles, I felt as if something that belonged to me was praised and honoured; a pride, an exulting and gratified pride, that feeling seemed to be, as if the heart of my childhood had been staked on your aspirations, and was borne up with you, a part and a partaker of your fame. With all my soul I drank in

the news of your successes in the art; I wrote to those who came home from Italy; I questioned those likely to have heard of you, as critics and connoisseurs; I devoted all my reading to the literature of the arts, and the history of painters, for my life was poured into yours irresistibly, by a power I could not, and cannot now control. My own imagination turned painter, indeed, for I lived on revery, calling up, with endless variations, pictures of yourself amid the works of your pencil, visited and honoured as I knew you were, yet unchanged in the graceful and boyish beauty I remembered. I was proud of having loved you, of having been the object of the earliest and purest preference of a creature of genius; and through this pride, supplanting and overflowing it, crept and strengthened a warmer feeling, the love I have the hardihood to avow. Oh! what will you think of this boldness! Yet to conceal my love were now a severer task than to wait the hazard of your contempt.

“One explanation — a palliative, perhaps you will allow it to be, if you are generous — remains to be given. The immediate impulse

of this letter was information from my brother, long withheld, of your kindness to him in Rome. From some perverseness, which I hardly understand, he has never before hinted in my presence that he had seen you in Italy, and it was only by needing it as an illustration of some feeling which seemed to have piqued him, and which he was expressing to a friend, that he gave the particulars of your month of devotion to him. Knowing the difference between your characters, and the entire want of sympathy between your pursuits and my brother's, to what motive could I attribute your unusual and self-sacrificing kindness?

“Did I err — was I presumptuous, in believing that it was from a forgiving and tender memory of myself?

“You are prepared now, if you can be, for what I would say. We are left alone, my brother and I, orphan heirs to the large fortune of my father. I have no one to control my wishes, no one's permission to ask for any disposition of my hand and fortune. Will you have them? In this question is answered the

sweet, and long-treasured, though long-neglected letter lying beside me.

“KATHERINE SKYRING.”

Mrs. F——, as will be seen from the style of her letter, is a woman of decision and cleverness, and of such a helpmate, in the way of his profession as well as in the tenderer relations of life, F—— was sorely in need. By her common-sense counsels and persuasion, he has gone back with his knowledge of the art to the first lights of his own powerful genius; and with means to command leisure and experiment, he is, without submitting the process to the world, perfecting a manner which will more than redeem his early promise.

As his career, though not very uncommon or dramatic, hinged for its more fortunate events on an act of high-spirited politeness, I have thought, that in this age of departed chivalry, the story was worth preserving for its lesson.

## NORA MEHIDY ;

OR, THE STRANGE ROAD TO THE HEART OF  
MR. HYPOLET LEATHERS.

Now, Heaven rest the Phœnicians for their pleasant invention of the art of travel !

---

This is to be a story of love and pride, and the hero's name is Hypolet Leathers.

---

You have smiled prematurely, my friend and reader, if you "think you see" Mr. Leathers foreshadowed, as it were, in his name.

---

(Three mortal times have I mended this son of a goose of a pen, and it *will not*—as you see by the three unavailing attempts recorded above—it *will not* commence, for me, this tale, with a practicable beginning.)

The sun was rising (I think this promises well)—leisurely rising was the sun on the opposite side of the Susquehannah. The tall

corn endeavoured to lift its silk tassel out of the sloppy fog that had taken upon itself to rise from the water and prognosticate a hot fair day, and the driver of the Binghamton stage drew over his legs a two-bushel bag as he cleared the street of the village, and thought that, for a summer's morning, it was "very cold"—wholly unaware, however, that, in murmuring thus, he was expressing himself as Hamlet did while waiting for his father's ghost upon the platform.

Inside the coach were three passengers. A gentleman sat by the window on the middle seat, with his cloak over his lap, watching the going to heaven of the fog that had fulfilled its destiny. His mind was melancholy—partly for the contrast he could not but draw between this exemplary vapour and himself, who was "but a vapour\*," and partly that his pancreas began to apprehend some interruption of the thoroughfare above—or, in other words, that

\* "Man's *but a vapour*,  
Full of woes,  
Cuts a caper,  
And down he goes."—*Familiar Ballads*.

he was hungry for his breakfast, having gone supperless to bed. He mused as he rode. He was a young man, about twenty-five, and had inherited from his father, John Leathers, a gentleman's fortune, with the two drawbacks of a name troublesome to Phœbus, ("Phœbus! what a name!") and premature grey hair. He was, in all other respects, a finished and well-conditioned hero — tall, comely, courtly, and accomplished — and had seen the sight-worthy portions of the world, and knew their differences. Travel, indeed, had become a kind of diseased necessity with him — for he fled from the knowledge of his name, and from the observation of his grey hair, like a man fleeing from two fell phantoms. He was now returning from Niagara, and left the Mohawk route to see where the Susquehannah makes its Great Bend in taking final leave of Mr. Cooper, who lives above; and at the village of the Great Bend he was to eat that day's breakfast.

On the back seat, upon the leather cushion, behind Mr. Leathers, sat two other chilly persons, a middle-aged man and a girl of sixteen — the latter with her shawl drawn close to her

arms, and her dark eyes bent upon her knees, as if to warm them (as unquestionably they did). Her black curls swung out from her bonnet, like ripe grapes from the top of an arbour — heavy, slumberous, bulky, prodigal black curls — oh, how beautiful! And I do not know that it would be a “trick worth an egg” to make any mystery of these two persons. The gentleman was John Mehidy, the widowed tailor of Binghamton, and the lady was Nora Mehidy, his daughter; and they were on their way to New York to change the scene, Mrs. Mehidy having left the painful legacy of love — her presence — behind her. For, ill as he could afford the journey, Mr. Mehidy thought the fire of Nora’s dark eyes might be put out with water, and he must go where every patch and shred would not set her a weeping. She “took it hard,” as they describe grief for the dead in the country.

The Great Bend is a scene you may look at with pleasure, even while waiting for procrastinated prog, and Hypolet Leathers had been standing for ten minutes on the high bank around which the Susquehannah sweeps, like a



train of silver tissue after a queen turning a corner, when past him suddenly tripped Nora Mehidy bonnetless, and stood gazing on the river from the outer edge of the precipice. Leathers' visual consciousness dropped into that mass of clustering hair like a ring into the sea, and disappeared. His soul dived after it, and left him with no sense or remembrance of how his outer orbs were amusing themselves. Of what unpatented texture of velvet, and of what sifting of diamond dust were those lights and shadows manufactured ! What immeasurable thickness in those black flakes — compared, with all locks that he had ever seen, as an edge of cocoa-meat, fragrantly and newly broken, to a torn leaf, limp with wilting. Nora stood motionless, absorbed in the incomparable splendour of that silver hook bent into the forest — Leathers as motionless, absorbed in her wilderness of jetty locks — till the bar-keeper rang the bell for them to come to breakfast. Ah, Hypolet ! Hypolet ! what dark thought came to share, with that innocent beefsteak, your morning's digestion !

That tailors have, and why they have, the

handsomest daughters, in all countries, have been points of observation and speculation for physiology, written and unwritten. Most men know the fact. Some writers have ventured to guess at the occult secret. But I think "it needs no ghost, come from the grave," to unravel the matter. Their vocation is the embellishment—partly indeed the creation—of material beauty. If philosophy sit on their shears (as it should ever), there are questions to decide which discipline the sense of beauty—the degree in which fashion should be sacrificed to becomingness, and the resistance to the invasion of the poetical by whim and usage, for example—and as a man thinketh—to a certain degree—so is his daughter. Beauty is the business-thought of every day, and the desire to know how best to remedy its defects is the ache and agony of the tailor's soul, if he be ambitious. Why should not this have its exponent on the features of the race, as other strong emotions have—plastic and malleable as the human body is, by habit and practice? Shakespeare, by-the-way, says—

"'Tis use that breeds a *habit* in a man,"

and I own to the dulness of never till now apprehending that this remarkable passage typifies the steeping of superfine broad-cloth (made into superfine *habits*) into the woof and warp of the tailor's idiosyncrasy. Q. E. D.

Nora Mehidy had ways with her that, if the world had not been thrown into a muss by Eve and Adam, would doubtless have been kept for queens. Leathers was particularly struck with her never lifting up her eyelids till she was ready. If she chanced to be looking thoughtfully down when he spoke to her, which was her habit of sadness just now, she heard what he had to say and commenced replying—and then, slowly, up went the lids, combing the loving air with their long lashes, and no more hurried than the twilight taking its fringes off the stars. It was adorable—altogether adorable! And her hands and lips, and feet and shoulders, had the same contemptuous and delicious deliberateness.

On the second evening, at half-past five—just half an hour too late for the “Highlander” steamer—the “Binghamton stage” slid down the mountain into Newburgh. The next boat

was to touch at the pier at midnight, and Leathers had six capacious hours to work on the mind of John Mehidy. What was the process of that fiendish temptation, what the lure and the resistance, is a secret locked up with Moloch—but it was successful! The glorious *chevelure* of the victim—(sweet descriptive word—*chevelure!*)—the matchless locks that the matchlocks of armies should have defended—went down in the same boat with Nora Mehidy, but tied up in Mr. Leathers' linen pocket-handkerchief! And, in one week from that day, the head of Hypolet Leathers was shaven nude, and the black curls of Nora Mehidy were placed upon its irritated organs in an *incomparable* wig!!

---

A year had elapsed. It was a warm day, in No. 77. of the Astor, and Hypolet Leathers, Esq., arrived a week before by the Great Western, sat aiding the evaporation from his brain by lotions of iced lavender. His wig stood before him, on the blockhead that was now his inseparable companion, the back toward him; and, as the wind chased off the vo-

latile lavender from the pores of his skull, he toyed thoughtfully with the lustrous curls of Nora Mehidy. His heart was on that wooden block! He dressed his own wig habitually, and by dint of perfuming, combing, and caressing those finger-like ringlets—he had tangled up his heart in their meshes. A phantom, with the superb face of the owner, stayed with the separated locks, and it grew hourly more palpable and controlling. The sample had made him sick at heart for the remainder. He wanted the rest of Nora Mehidy. He had come over for her. He had found John Mehidy, following his trade obscurely in a narrow lane, and he had asked for Nora's *hand*. But though this was not the whole of his daughter, and he had already sold part of her to Leathers, he shook his head over his shiny shears. Even if Nora could be propitiated after the sacrifice she had made (which he did not believe she could be), he would as lief put her in the world of spirits as in a world above him. She was his life, and he would not give his life willingly to a stranger who would take it from him, or make it too fine for his using. Oh, no! Nora must marry

a tailor, if she marry at all—and this was the adamant resolution, stern and without appeal, of John Mehidy.

Some six weeks after this, a new tailoring establishment of great outlay and magnificence was opened in Broadway. The show-window was like a new revelation of stuff for trousers, and resplendent, but not gaudy, were the neck-cloths and waistcoatings—for absolute taste reigned over all. There was not an article on show possible to William Street—not a waistcoat that, seen in Maiden Lane, would not have been as unsphered as the Lost Pleiad in Botany Bay. It was quite clear that there was some one of the firm of “Mehidy and Co.” (the new sign) who exercised his taste “from within, out,” as the Germans say, of the process of true poetry. He began *inside* a gentleman, that is to say, to guess at what was wanted for a gentleman’s *outside*. He was a tailor-gentleman, and was, therefore, and by that quality only, fitted to be a gentleman’s tailor.

The dandies flocked to Mehidy and Co. They could not be measured immediately—oh, no! The gentleman to be built was requested to

walk about the shop for a half hour, till the foreman got him well in his eye, and then to call again in a week. Meantime he would mark his customer in the street, to see how he performed. Mehidy and Co. never ventured to take measure for *terra incognita*. The man's gait, shrug, speed, style, and quality, were all to be allowed for, and these were not seen in a minute. And a very sharp and stylish-looking fellow seemed that foreman to be. There was evidently spoiled some very capable stuff for a lord when *he* was made a tailor.

"His leaf,  
By some o'er-hasty angel, was misplaced  
In Fate's eternal volume."

And, faith! it was a study to see him take a customer's measure! The quiet contempt with which he overruled the man's indigenous idea of a coat!—the rather satirical comments on his peculiarities of wearing his kerseymere!—the cool survey of the adult to be embellished, as if he were inspecting him for admission to the grenadiers! On the whole, it was a nervous business to be measured for a coat by that fellow with the devilish fine head of black hair!

And, with the hair upon *his* head, from which Nora had once no secrets — with the curls upon *his* cheek and temples which had once slumbered peacefully over hers, Hypolet Leathers, the foreman of “Mehidy and Co.,” made persevering love to the tailor’s magnificent daughter.. For she *was* magnificent! She had just taken that long stride from girl to woman, and her person had filled out to the imperial and voluptuous model indicated by her deliberate eyes. With a dusky glow in her cheek, that looked like a peach tinted by a rosy twilight, her mouth, up to the crimson edge of its bow of Cupid, was moulded with the slumberous fairness of newly-wrought sculpture, and gloriously beautiful in expression. She was a creature for whom a butterfly might do worm over again—to whose condition in life, if need be, a prince might proudly come down. Ah, queenly Nora Mehidy!

But the wooing — alas! the wooing throve slowly! That lovely head was covered again with prodigal locks, in short and massive clusters, but Leathers was pertinacious as to his property in the wig, and its becomingness and in-



dispensableness—and to be made love to by a man in her own hair!—to be obliged to keep her own dark curls at a respectful distance!—to forbid all intercourse between them and their children-ringlets, as it were—it roughened the course of Leathers' true love that Nora must needs be obliged to reason on such singular dilemmas. For, though a tailor's daughter, she had been furnished by nature with an imagination!

But virtue, if nothing more and no sooner, is its own reward, and in time "to save its bacon." John Mehidy's fortune was pretty well assured in the course of two years, and made, in his own line, by his proposed son-in-law, and he could no longer refuse to throw into the scale the paternal authority. Nora's hair was, by this time, too, restored to its pristine length and luxuriousness, and, on condition that Hypolet would not exact a new wig from his new possessions, Nora, one summer's night, made over to him the remainder. The long-exiled locks revisited their natal soil, during the caresses which sealed the compact, and a very good tailor was spoiled the week after, for

the married Leathers became once more a gentleman at large, having bought, in two instalments, at an expense of a hundred dollars, a heart, and two years of service, one of the finest properties of which Heaven and a gold ring ever gave mortal the copyhold!

## THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER. '1

SHEAFE LANE, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home parcels—in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there, and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe Lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savoury place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birthplaces of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian church was born at one end of Sheafe Lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New York

was born at the other. And in the old Hay-market (a kind of *cul de sac*, buried in the side of Sheafe Lane) stood the dusty lists of chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride.

Are you in Sheafe Lane? (as the magnetisers inquire.) Please to step back twenty-odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face (ourselves—for we lived in Sheafe Lane twenty-odd years ago), and come to a small house, dingy yellow, with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step.

The family are at breakfast in the small parlour fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bedroom over the parlour—a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a Bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden.

We have now shown you what comes out of the shadows to us, when we remember the cir-

### 34 THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.


cumstances we are about to body forth in a sketch, for it can scarcely be called a story.

It wanted an hour to noon. The Boylston clock struck eleven, and close on the heel of the last stroke followed the tap of the barber's knuckle on the door of the yellow house in Sheafe Lane. Before answering to the rap, the maid-of-all-work filled a tin can from the simmering kettle, and surveying herself in a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, fastened on a pane of the kitchen window; then, with a very soft and sweet "good morning" to Rosier, the barber, she led the way to the old man's room.

"He looks worse to-day," said the barber, as the skinny hand of the old man crept up tremblingly to his face, conscious of the daily office about to be performed for him.

"They think so below stairs," said Harriet, and one of the church is coming to pray with him to-night. Shall I raise him up now?"

The barber nodded, and the girl seated herself near the pillow, and lifting the old man, drew him upon her breast, and as the operation went rather lingeringly on, the two chatted together very earnestly.



Rosier was a youth of about twenty-one, talkative and caressing, as all barbers are ; and what with his curly hair and ready smile, and the smell of soap that seemed to be one of his natural properties, he was a man to be thought of over a kitchen fire. Besides, he was thriving in his trade, and not a bad match. All of which was duly considered by the family with which Harriet lived, for they loved the poor girl.

Poor girl, I say. But she was not poor, at least if it be true that as a woman thinketh so is she. Most people would have described her as a romantic girl. And so she was, but without deserving a breath of the ridicule commonly attached to the word. She was uneducated, too, if any child of New England can be called uneducated. Beyond school-books and the Bible, she had read nothing but the Scottish Chiefs, and this novel was to her what the works of God are to others. It could never become familiar. It must be the gate of dream-land ; what the moon is to a poet, what a grove is to a man of revery, what sunshine is to all the world. And she mentioned it as seldom as

### 36. THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

people praise sunshine, and lived in it as unconsciously.

Harriet had never before been out to service. She was a farmer's daughter, new from the country. If she was not ignorant of the degradation of her condition in life, she forgot it habitually. A cheerful and thoughtful smile was perpetually on her lips, and the hardships of her daily routine were encountered as things of course, as clouds in the sky, as pebbles in the inevitable path. Her attention seemed to belong to her body, but her consciousness only to her imagination. In her voice and eyes there was no touch or taint of her laborious servitude, and if she had suddenly been "made a lady," there would have been nothing but her hard hands to redeem from her low condition. Then, hard-working creature as she was, she was touchingly beautiful. A coarse eye would have passed her without notice, perhaps, but a painter would not. She was of a fragile shape, and had a slight stoop, but her head was small and exquisitely moulded, and her slender neck, round, graceful, and polished, was set upon her shoulders with the fluent grace of a bird's. Her

hair was profuse, and of a tinge almost yellow in the sun, but her eyes were of a blue, deep almost to blackness, and her heavy eyelashes darkened them still more deeply. She had the least possible colour in her cheeks. Her features were soft and unmarked, and expressed delicacy and repose, though her nostrils were capable of dilating with an energy of expression that seemed wholly foreign to her character.

Rosier had first seen Harriet when called in to the old man, six months before, and they were now supposed by the family to be engaged lovers, waiting only for a little more sunshine on the barber's fortune. Meantime, they saw each other at least half an hour every morning, and commonly passed their evenings together, and the girl seemed very tranquilly happy in her prospect of marriage.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader.

Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an "active member" of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a



little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set; but by dint of good teeth, and a little "wintry redness in his cheek," he was good-looking enough for all his ends. He dressed in black, as all religious men must (in Boston), and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prospered. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to the members of the country churches in communion with his own. He "loved the brethren," for he wished to converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back — himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a sinner, he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint — as a

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saint, he would be Asa Flint *plus* eternity and the respect of a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered, sin is more expensive than sanctity.

At four o'clock Mr. Flint knocked at the door. At the same hour there was a maternal prayer-meeting at the vestry, and of course it was to be numbered among his petty trials that he must find the mistress of the house absent from home. He walked up stairs, and after a look into the room of the sick man, despatched the lad who had opened the door for him, to request the "help" of the family to be present at the devotions.

Harriet had a rather pleasing recollection of Mr. Flint. He had offered her his arm, a week before, in coming out from a conference meeting, and had "presumed that she was a young lady on a visit" to the mistress! She arranged her 'kerchief and took the kettle off the fire.

Mr. Flint was standing by the bedside with folded hands. The old man lay looking at him with a kind of uneasy terror in his face, which changed, as Harriet entered, to a smile of

relief. She retired modestly to the foot of the bed, and, hidden by the curtain, open only at the side, she waited the commencement of the prayer.

“Kneel there, little boy!” said Mr. Flint, pointing to a chair on the other side of the light-stand, “and you, my dear, kneel here by me! Let us pray!”

Harriet had dropped upon her knees near the corner of the bed, and Mr. Flint dropped upon his, on the other side of the post, so that after raising his hands in the first adjuration, they descended gradually, and quite naturally, upon the folded hands of the neighbour — and there they remained. She dared not withdraw them, but as his body rocked to and fro in his devout exercise, she drew back her head to avoid coming into farther contact, and escaped with only his breath upon her temples.

It was a very eloquent prayer. Mr. Flint’s voice, in a worldly man, would have been called insinuating, but its kind of covert sweetness, low and soft, seemed, in a prayer, only the subdued monotony of reverence and devotion. But it won upon the ear all the same. He began,

with a repetition of all the most sublime ascriptions of the Psalmist, filling the room, it appeared to Harriet, with a superhuman presence. She trembled to be so near him with his words of awe. Gradually he took up the more affecting and tender passages of Scripture, and drew the tears into her eyes with the pathos of his tone and the touching images he wove together. His hand grew moist upon hers, and he leaned closer to her. He began, after a short pause, to pray for her especially — that her remarkable beauty might not be a snare to her — that her dovelike eyes might beam only on the saddened faces of the saints — that she might be enabled to shun the company of the worldly, and consort only with God's people — and that the tones of prayer now in her ears might sink deep into her heart as the voice of one who would never cease to feel an interest in her temporal and eternal welfare. His hand tightened its grasp upon hers, and his face turned more toward her; and as Harriet, blushing, spite of the awe weighing on her heart, stole a look at the devout man, she met the full gaze of his coal-black eyes fixed un-

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## 42 THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

winkingly upon her. She was entranced. She dared not stir, and she dared not take her eyes from his. And when he came to his amen, she sank back upon the ground, and covered her face with her hands. And presently she remembered, with some wonder, that the old man, for whom Mr. Flint had come to pray, had not been even mentioned in the prayer.

The lad left the room after the amen, and Mr. Flint raised Harriet from the floor and seated her upon a chair out of the old man's sight, and pulled a hymn-book from his pocket, and sat down beside her. She was a very enthusiastic singer, to say the least, and he commonly led the singing at the conferences, and so, holding her hand that she might beat the time with him, he passed an hour in what he would call very sweet communion. And by this time the mistress of the family came home, and Mr. Flint took his leave.

From that evening, Mr Flint fairly undertook the "eternal welfare" of the beautiful girl. From her kind mistress he easily procured for her the indulgence due to an awakened sinner, and she had permission to

frequent the nightly conference, Mr. Flint always charging himself with the duty of seeing her safely home. He called sometimes in the afternoon, and had a private interview to ascertain the "state of her mind," and under a strong "conviction" of something or other, the excited girl lived now in a constant reverie, and required as much looking after as a child. She was spoiled as a servant, but Mr. Flint had only done his duty by her.

This seemed all wrong to Rosier, the barber, however. The bright sweet face of the girl he thought to marry had grown sad, and her work went all amiss — he could see that. She had no smile, and almost no word for him. He liked little her going out at dusk when he could not accompany her, and coming home late with the same man always, though a very good man, no doubt. Then, once lately, when he had spoken of the future, she had murmured something which Mr. Flint had said about "marrying with unbelievers," and it stuck in Rosier's mind, and troubled him. Harriet grew thin and haggard besides, though she paid

#### 44 THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

more attention to her dress, and dressed more ambitiously than she used to do.

We are reaching back over a score or more of years for the scenes we are describing, and memory drops here and there a circumstance by the way. The reader can perhaps restore the lost fragments, if we give what we remember of the outline.

The old man died, and Rosier performed the last of his offices to fit him for the grave, and that, if we remember rightly, was the last of his visits, but one, to the white house in Sheafe Lane. The bed was scarce vacated by the dead ere it was required again for another object of pity. Harriet was put into it with a brain fever. She was ill for many weeks, and called constantly on Mr. Flint's name in her delirium; and when the fever left her, she seemed to have but one desire on earth — that he should come and see her. Message after message was secretly carried to him by the lad, whom she had attached to her with her uniform kindness and sweet temper, but he never came. She relapsed after a while into a state of stupor,

like idiocy, and when day after day passed without amendment, it was thought necessary to send for her father to take her home.

A venerable-looking old farmer, with white hairs, drove his rough wagon into Sheafe Lane one evening, we well remember. Slowly, with the aid of his long staff, he crept up the narrow staircase to his daughter's room, and stood a long time, looking at her in silence. She did not speak to him.

He slept upon a bed made up at the side of hers, upon the floor, and the next morning he went out early for his horse, and she was taken up and dressed for the journey. She spoke to no one, and when the old man had breakfasted, she quietly submitted to be carried toward the door. The sight of the street first seemed to awaken some recollection, and suddenly in a whisper she called to Mr. Flint.

"Who is Mr. Flint?" asked the old man.

Rosier was at the gate, standing there with his hat off to bid her farewell. She stopped upon the side-walk, and looked around hurriedly.



“He is not here — I’ll wait for him!” cried Harriet, in a troubled voice, and she let go her father’s arm and stepped back.

They took hold of her, and drew her toward the wagon, but she struggled to get free, and moaned like a child in grief. Rosier took her by the hand and tried to speak to her, but he choked, and the tears came to his eyes. Apparently she did not know him.

A few passers-by gathered around now, and it was necessary to lift her into the wagon by force, for the distressed father was confused and embarrassed with her struggles, and the novel scene around him. At the suggestion of the mistress of the family, Rosier lifted her in his arms, and seated her in the chair intended for her, but her screams began to draw a crowd around, and her struggles to free herself were so violent, that it was evident the old man could never take her home alone. Rosier kindly offered to accompany him; and as he held her in her seat and tried to soothe her, the unhappy father got in beside her, and drove away.

She reached home, Rosier informed us, in a

state of dreadful exhaustion, still calling on the name that haunted her; and we heard soon after, that she relapsed into a brain fever, and death soon came to her with a timely deliverance from her trouble.

## MRS. PASSABLE TROTT.

*"Je suis comme vous. Je n'aime pas que les autres soient heureux."*

THE temerity with which I hovered on the brink of matrimony when a very young man could only be appreciated by a fatuitous credulity. The number of very fat mothers of very plain families who can point me out to their respectable offspring as their once imminent papa, is ludicrously improbable. The truth was that I had a powerful imagination in my early youth, and no "realising sense." A coral necklace, warm from the wearer — a shoe with a little round stain in the sole — any thing flannel — a bitten rosebud with the mark of a tooth upon it — a rose, a glove, a thimble — either of these was agony, ecstasy! To any thing with curls and skirts, and especially if encircled by a sky-blue sash, my heart was as prodigal as a Croton hydrant. Ah me!

But, of all my short eternal attachments, Fidelia Balch (since Mrs. P. Trott) was the kindest and fairest. Faithless of course she was, since my name does not begin with a T — but if she did not continue to love me — P. Trott or no P. Trott — she was shockingly forsworn, as can be proved by several stars, usually considered very attentive listeners. I rather pitied poor Trott — for I knew

“ Her heart — it was another's,”

and he was rich and forty-odd. But they seemed to live very harmoniously, and if I availed myself of such little consolations as fell in my way, it was the result of philosophy. I never forgot the faithless Fidelia.

This is to be a disembowelled narrative, dear reader — skipping from the maidenhood of my heroine to her widowhood, fifteen years — yet I would have you supply here and there a betweenity. My own sufferings at seeing my adored Fidelia go daily into another man's house and shut the door after her, you can easily conceive. Though not in the habit of rebelling against human institutions, it *did* seem to me

that the marriage ceremony had no business to give old Trott quite so much for his money. But the aggravating part of it was to come! Mrs. P. Trott grew prettier every day, and of course three hundred and sixty-five noticeable degrees prettier every year! She seemed incapable of, or not liable to, wear and tear; and probably old Trott was a man, in-doors, of very even behaviour. And, it should be said too, in explanation, that, as Miss Balch, Fidelia was a shade too fat for her model. She embellished as her dimples grew shallower. Trifle by trifle, like the progress of a statue, the superfluity fell away from nature's original Miss Balch (as designed in heaven), and when old Passable died, (and no one knew what that P. stood for, till it was betrayed by the indiscreet plate on his coffin,) Mrs. Trott, thirty-three years old, was at her maximum of beauty. Plump, taper, transparently fair, with an arm like a high-conditioned Venus, and a neck set on like the swell of a French horn, she was consumedly good-looking. When I saw in the paper, "Died, Mr. P. Trott," I went out and walked past the house, with overpowering

emotions. Thanks to a great many refusals, *I* had been faithful! *I* could bring her the same heart, unused and undamaged, which *I* had offered her before! *I* could generously overlook Mr. Trott's temporary occupation (since he had left us his money!)—and when her mourning should be over—the very day—the very hour—her first love should be ready for her, good as new!

I have said nothing of any evidences of continued attachment on the part of Mrs. Trott. She was a discreet person, and not likely to compromise Mr. P. Trott till she knew the strength of his constitution. But there was one evidence of lingering preference which I built upon like a rock. I had not visited her during these fifteen years. Trott liked me not—you can guess why! But I had a nephew, five years old when Miss Balch was my “privately engaged,” and as like me, that boy, as could be copied by nature. He was our unsuspecting messenger of love, going to play in old Balch's garden when I was forbidden the house, unconscious of the *billet-doux* in the pocket of his pinafore; and to this boy, after our separation,

seemed Fidelia to cling. He grew up to a youth of mind and manners, and still she cherished him. He all but lived at old Trott's, petted and made much of — her constant companion — reading, walking, riding — indeed, when home from college, her sole society. Are you surprised that, in all this, there was a tenderness of reminiscence that touched and assured me? Ah —

“ On revient toujours  
A ses premiers amours ! ”     7

I thought it delicate, and best, to let silence do its work during that year of mourning. I did not whisper even to my nephew Bob the secret of my happiness. I left one card of condolence after old Trott's funeral, and lived private, counting the hours. The slowest kind of eternity it appeared!

The morning never seemed to me to break with so much difficulty and reluctance as on the anniversary of the demise of Mr. Passable Trott — June 2. 1840. Time is a comparative thing, I well know, but the minutes seemed to stick, on that interminable morning. I began to dress for breakfast at four — but details are

tiresome. Let me assure you that twelve o'clock, A. M. *did* arrive! The clocks struck it, and the shadows verified it.

I could not have borne an accidental "not at home," and I resolved not to run the risk of it. Lovers, besides, are not tied to knockers and ceremony. I bribed the gardener. Fidelia's boudoir, I knew, opened upon the lawn, and it seemed more like love to walk in. She knew — I knew — Fate and circumstance knew and had ordained — that that morning was to be shoved up, joined on, and dovetailed to our last separation. The time between was to be a blank. Of course she expected me.

The garden door was ajar — as paid for. I entered, traversed the vegetable beds, tripped through the flower-walk, and — oh bliss! — the window was open! I could just see the Egyptian urn on its pedestal of sphinxes, into which I knew (per Bob) she threw all her fading roses. I glided near. I looked in at the window.

Ah, that picture! She sat with her back to me — her arm — that arm of rosy alabaster — thrown carelessly over her chair — her egg-



shell chin resting on her other thumb and forefinger — her eyelids sweeping her cheek — and a white — yes! a white bow in her hair! And her dress was of snowy lawn — white, bridal white! Adieu, old Passable Trott!

I wiped my eyes and looked again. Old Trott's portrait hung on the wall, but that was nothing. Her guitar lay on the table, and — did I see aright? — a miniature just beside it! Perhaps of old Trott — taken out for the last time. Well — well! He was a very respectable man, and had been very kind to her, most likely.

"Ehem!" said I, stepping over the sill, "Fidelia!"

She started and turned, and certainly looked surprised.

"Mr. G——!" said she.

"It is long since we parted!" I said, helping myself to a chair.

"Quite long!" said Fidelia.

"So long that you have forgotten the name of G——?" I asked tremulously.

"Oh no!" she replied, covering up the mi-

niature on the table by a careless movement of her scarf.

"And may I hope that *that* name has not grown distasteful to you?" I summoned courage to say.

"N——, no! I do not know that it has, Mr. G——!"

The blood returned to my fainting heart! I felt as in days of yore.

"Fidelia!" said I, "let me not waste the precious moments. You loved me at twenty — may I hope that I may stand to you in a nearer relation? May I venture to think that our family is not unworthy of a union with the Balches? — that, as Mrs. G——, you could be happy!"

Fidelia looked — hesitated — took up the miniature, and clasped it to her breast.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. G——?" she tremulously exclaimed. "But I think I do! I remember well what you were at twenty! This picture is like what you were then — with differences, it is true, but still like! Dear picture!" she exclaimed again, kissing it with rapture.

(How could she have got my miniature? — but no matter — taken by stealth, I presume. Sweet and eager anticipation!)

“And Robert has returned from college, then?” she said, inquiringly.

“Not that I know of,” said I.

“Indeed! — then he has written to you!”

“Not recently!”

“Ah, poor boy! he anticipated! Well, Mr. G——! I will not affect to coo where my heart has been so long interested.”

(I stood ready to clasp her to my bosom.)

“Tell Robert my mourning is over — tell him his name” (the name of G——, of course) “is the music of my life, and that I will marry whenever he pleases!”

A horrid suspicion crossed my mind.

“Pardon me!” said I; *whenever he pleases*, did you say? Why, particularly, *when he pleases?*”

“La! his not being of age is no impediment, I hope!” said Mrs. Trott, with some surprise. “Look at his miniature, Mr. G——! It has a boyish look, it’s true — but so had you — at twenty!”

Hope sank within me! I would have given worlds to be away. The truth was apparent to me — perfectly apparent. She loved that boy Bob — that child — that mere child — and meant to marry him! Yet how could it be possible? I might be — yes — I *must* be, mistaken. Fidelia Balch — who was a woman when he was an urchin in petticoats — she to think of marrying that boy! I wronged her — oh I wronged her! But, worst come to the worst, there was no harm in having it perfectly understood.

“Pardon me!” said I, putting on a look as if I expected a shout of laughter for the mere supposition, “I should gather — (categorically, mind you! — only categorically) — I should gather from what you said just now — (had I been a third person listening, that is to say — with no knowledge of the parties) — I should really have gathered that Bob — little Bob — was the happy man, and not I! Now don’t laugh at me!”

“*You* the happy man! — Oh, Mr. G——! you are joking! Oh no! pardon me if I have unintentionally misled you — but if I marry again,

Mr. G——, *it will be a young man!!!* In short, not to mince the matter, Mr. G——! your nephew is to become my husband (nothing unforeseen turning up), in the course of the next week! We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the wedding, of course! Oh no! *You!* I should fancy that no woman would make *two* unequal marriages, Mr.——! Good morning, Mr. G——!”

I was left alone, and to return as I pleased, by the vegetable garden or the front door. I chose the latter, being somewhat piqued as well as inexpressibly grieved and disappointed. But philosophy came to my aid, and I soon fell into a mood of speculation.

“Fidelia is constant!” said I to myself—  
“constant, after all! She made up her mouth for me at twenty. But I did not *stay twenty!* Oh no! I, unadvisedly, and without preparatively cultivating her taste for thirty-five, became thirty-five. And now what was she to do? Her taste was not at all embarked in Passable Trott, and it stayed just as it was—waiting to be called up and used. She locks it up decently till old Trott dies, and then repro-

duces — what? Why, just what she locked up — a taste for a young man at twenty — and just such a young man as she loved when she was twenty! Bob — of course! Bob is like me — Bob is twenty! Be Bob her husband!”

But I cannot say I quite like such constancy!

## THE SPIRIT-LOVE OF " IONE S——."

(SINCE DISCOVERED TO BE MISS JONES.)

NOT long ago, but before poetry and pin-money were discovered to be cause and effect, Miss Phebe Jane Jones was one of the most charming contributors to a certain periodical now gone over "Lethe's wharf." Her signature was "Ione S——!" a neat anagram, out of which few would have picked the monosyllable engraved upon her father's brass knocker. She wrote mostly in verse; but her prose, of which you will presently see a specimen or two, was her better vein — as being more easily embroidered, and not cramped with the inexorable fetters of rhyme. Miss Jones abandoned authorship before the *New Mirror* was established, or she would, doubtless, have been one of its *paid* contributors — as much ("we" flatter ourselves) as could well be said of her abilities.

The beauty of hectics and hollow chests has

been written out of fashion ; so I may venture upon the simple imagery of truth and nature. Miss Jones was as handsome as a prize heifer. She was a compact, plump, wholesome, clean-limbed, beautifully-marked animal, with eyes like inkstands running over ; and a mouth that looked, when she smiled, as if it had never been opened before, the teeth seemed so fresh and unhandled. Her voice had a tone clear as the ring of a silver dollar ; and her lungs must have been as sound as a pippin, for when she laughed, (which she never did unless she was surprised into it, for she loved melancholy,) it was like the gurgling of a brook over the pebbles. The bran-new people made by Deucalion and Pyrrha, when it cleared up after the flood, were probably in Miss Jones's style.

But do you suppose that " Ione S—— " cared any thing for her looks ! What — value the poor perishing tenement in which nature had chosen to lodge her intellectual and spiritual part ! What — care for her covering of clay ! What — waste thought on the chain that kept her from the Pleiades, of which, perhaps, she was the lost sister ! (who knows ?) And, more



than all — O gracious! — to be *loved* for this trumpery drapery of her immortal essence!

Yes — *infra dig.* as it may seem to record such an unworthy trifle — the celestial Phebe had the superfluity of an every-day lover. Gideon Flimmins was willing to take her on her outer inventory alone. He loved her cheeks — he did not hesitate to admit! He loved her lips — he could not help specifying! He had been known to name her shoulders! And, in taking out a thorn for her with a pair of tweezers one day, he had literally exclaimed with rapture that she had a heavenly little pink thumb! But of “Ione S——” he had never spoken a word. No, though she read him faithfully every effusion that appeared — asked his opinion of every separate stanza — talked of “Ione S——” as the person on earth she most wished to see (for she kept her literary incog.) — Gideon had never alluded to her a second time, and perseveringly, hatefully, atrociously, and with mundane motive only, he made industrious love to the outside and visible Phebe! Well! well!

Contiguity is something, in love; and the

Flimminses were neighbours of the Joneses. Gideon had another advantage — for Ophelia Flimmins, his eldest sister, was Miss Jones's eternally attached friend. To explain this, I must trouble the reader to take notice that there were two streaks in the Flimmins family. Fat Mrs. Flimmins, the mother (who had been dead a year), was a thorough "man of business," and it was to her downright and upright management of her husband's wholesale and retail hat-lining establishment, that the family owed its prosperity; for Herodotus Flimmins, whose name was on the sign, was a flimsyish kind of sighing-dying man, and nobody could ever find out what on earth he wanted. Gideon and the two fleshy Miss Flimminses took after their mother; but Ophelia, whose semi-transparent frame was the envy of her faithful Phebe, was, with very trifling exceptions, the perfect model of her sire. She devotedly loved the moon. She had her preferences among the stars of heaven. She abominated the garish sun. And she and Phebe met by night — on the side-walk around their mutual nearest corner — deeply veiled to conceal their emotion

from the intruding gaze of such stars as they were not acquainted with — and there they communed !

I never knew, nor have I any, the remotest suspicion of the reasoning by which these commingled spirits arrived at the conclusion that there was a want in their delicious union. They might have known, indeed, that the chain of bliss, ever so far extended, breaks off at last with an imperfect link — that though mustard and ham may turn two slices of innocent bread into a sandwich, there will still be an unbuttered outside. But they were young — they were sanguine. Phebe, at least, believed that in the regions of space there existed — “ wandering but not lost ” — the aching worser half of which she was the “ better ” — some lofty intellect, capable of sounding the unfathomable abysses of hers — some male essence, all soul and romance, with whom she could soar finally, arm-in-arm, to their native star, with no changes of any consequence between their earthly and their astral communion. It occurred to her at last that a letter addressed to him, through her favourite periodical, might possibly reach his

eye. The following (which the reader may very likely remember to have seen) appeared in the paper of the following Saturday : —

*" To my Spirit-Husband, greeting : —*

" Where art thou, bridegroom of my soul ? Thy Ione S—— calls to thee from the aching void of her lonely spirit ! What name bearest thou ? What path walkest thou ? How can I, glow-worm like, lift my wings and show thee my lamp of guiding love ? Thus wing I these words to thy dwelling-place (for thou art, perhaps, a subscriber to the M——r). Go—-truants ! Rest not till ye meet his eye.

" But I must speak to thee after the manner of this world.

" I am a poetess of eighteen summers. Eighteen weary years have I worn this prison-house of flesh, in which, when torn from thee, I was condemned to wander. But my soul is untamed by its cage of darkness ! I remember, and remember only, the lost husband of my spirit-world. I perform, coldly and scornfully, the unheavenly necessities of this temporary existence ; and from the windows of my prison

(black — like the glimpses of the midnight heaven they let in) I look out for the coming of my spirit-lord. Lonely! lonely!

“Thou wouldst know, perhaps, what semblance I bear since my mortal separation from thee. Alas! the rose, not the lily, reigns upon my cheek! I would not disappoint thee, though of that there is little fear, for thou lovest for the spirit only. But believe not, because health holds me rudely down, and I seem not fragile and ready to depart — believe not, O bridegroom of my soul! that I bear willingly my fleshly fetter, or endure with patience the degrading homage to its beauty. For there are soul-less worms who think me fair. Ay — in the strength and freshness of my corporeal covering, there are those who rejoice! Oh! mockery! mockery!

“List to me, Ithuriel! (for I must have a name to call thee by, and, till thou breathest thy own seraphic name into my ear, be thou Ithuriel!) List! I would meet thee in the darkness only! Thou shalt not see me with thy mortal eyes! Penetrate the past, and remember the smoke curl of wavy lightness in

which I floated to thy embrace! Remember the sun-set cloud to which we retired; the starry lamps that hung over our slumbers! And on the softest whisper of our voices let thy thoughts pass to mine! Speak not aloud! Murmur! murmur! murmur!

"Dost thou know, Ithuriel, I would fain prove to thee my freedom from the trammels of this world? In what chance shape thy accident of clay may be cast, I know not. Ay, and I care not! I would thou wert a hunch-back, Ithuriel! I would thou wert disguised as a monster, my spirit-husband! So would I prove to thee my elevation above mortality! So would I show thee, that in the range of eternity for which we are wedded, a moment's covering darkens thee not—that, like a star sailing through a cloud, thy brightness is remembered while it is eclipsed—that thy Ione would recognise thy voice, be aware of thy presence, adore thee, as she was celestially wont—ay, though thou wert imprisoned in the likeness of a reptile! Ione care for mortal beauty! Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

"Come to me, Ithuriel! My heart writhes

in its cell for converse with thee! I am sick-thoughted! My spirit wrings its thin fingers to play with thy ethereal hair! My earthly cheek, though it obstinately refuses to pale, tingles with fever for thy coming. Glide to me in the shadow of eve — softly ! softly !

“ Address ‘P.’ at the M——r office.

“ Thine,

“ IONE S——.”

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There came a letter to “ P.”

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It was an inky night. The moon was in her private chamber. The stars had drawn over their heads the coverlet of clouds and pretended to sleep. The street lamps heartlessly burned on.

Twelve struck with “ damnable iteration.”

On tiptoe and with beating heart Phebe Jane left her father’s area. Ophelia Flimmins followed her at a little distance, for Ione was going to meet her spirit-bridegroom, and receive a renewal of his ante-vital vows ; and she wished her friend, the echo of her soul, to over-

hear and witness them. For O — if words were any thing — if the soul could be melted and poured, lava-like, upon "satin-post" — if there was truth in feelings magnetic and prophetic — then was he who had responded to, and corresponded with, Ione S——, (she writing to "I," and he to "P,") the ideal for whom she had so long sighed — the lost half of the whole so mournfully incomplete — her soul's missing and once spiritually Siamesed twin! His sweet letters had echoed every sentiment of her heart. He had agreed with her that outside was nothing — that earthly beauty was poor, perishing, pitiful — that nothing that could be seen, touched, or described, had any thing to do with the spiritually-passionate intercourse to which their respective essences achingly yearned — that unseen, unheard, save in whispers faint as a rose's sigh when languishing at noon, they might meet in communion blissful, superhuman, and satisfactory.

Yet where fittingly to meet? — Oh, agony! agony!

The street lamps two squares off had been taken up to lay down gas. Ophelia Flimmins



had inwardly marked it. Between No. 126. and No. 132., more particularly, the echoing sidewalk was bathed in unfathomable night — for there were vacant lots occupied as a repository for used-up omnibuses. At the most lonely point there stood a tree, and fortunately, this night, in the gutter beneath the tree stood a newly-disabled 'bus of the Knickerbocker line — and (sweet omen!) it was blue! In this covert could the witnessing Ophelia lie *perdu*, observing unseen through the open door; and beneath this tree was to take place the meeting of souls — the re-interchange of sky-born vows — the immaterial union of Ithuriel and Ione! Bliss! bliss! — exquisite to anguish!

But — oh, incontinent vessel — Ophelia had blabbed! The two fat Miss Flimminses were in the secret — nay, more — they were in the omnibus! Ay — deeply in, and portentously silent, they sat, warm and wondering, on either side of the lamp probably extinguished for ever! They knew not well what was to be. But whatever sort of thing was a “marriage of soul,” and whether “Ithuriel” was body or

nobody — mortal man or angel in a blue scarf — the Miss Flimminses wished to see him. Half an hour before the trysting-time they had fanned their way thither, for a thunder-storm was in the air, and the night was intolerably close ; and, climbing into the omnibus, they reciprocally loosened each other's upper hook, and with their moistened collars laid starchless in their laps, awaited the opening of the mystery.

Enter Ophelia, as expected. She laid her thin hand upon the leather string, and, drawing the door after her, leaned out of its open window in breathless suspense and agitation.

Ione's step was now audible, returning from 132. Slowly she came, but invisibly, for it had grown suddenly pitch-dark ; and only the far-off lamps, up and down the street, served to guide her footsteps.

But hark ! the sound of a heel ! He came !. They met ! He passed his arm around her and drew her beneath the tree — and with whispers soft and low, leaned breathing to her ear. He was tall. He was in a cloak. And, O ecstasy, he was thin ! But thinkest thou to know, O

reader of dust, what passed on those ethereal whispers? Futile — futile curiosity! Even to Ophelia's straining ear, those whispers were inaudible.

But hark! a rumble! Something wrong in the bowels of the sky! And pash! pash! — on the resounding roof of the omnibus — fell drops of rain — fitfully! fitfully!

“My dear!” whispered Ophelia (for Ione had borrowed her chip hat, the better to elude recognition), “ask Ithuriel to step in.”

Ithuriel started to find a witness near, but a whisper from Ione re-assured him, and gathering his cloak around his face, he followed his spirit-bride into the 'bus.

The fat Miss Flimminses contracted their orbed shapes, and made themselves small against the padded extremity of the vehicle; Ophelia retreated to the middle, and, next the door, on either side, sat the starry bride and bridegroom — all breathlessly silent. Yet there was a murmur — for five hearts beat within that 'bus's duodecimal womb; and the rain pelted on the roof, pailsful-like and unpityingly.

But slap! dash! whew! heavens!—In rushed a youth, dripping, dripping!

"Get out!" cried Ione, over whose knees he drew himself like an eel pulled through a basket of contorted other eels.

"Come, come, young man!" said a deep bass voice, of which everybody had some faint remembrance.

"Oh!" cried one fat Miss Flimmins.

"Ah!" screamed the other.

"What?—dad!" exclaimed Gideon Flimmins, who had dashed into the sheltering 'bus to save his new hat—"dad here with a girl!"

But the fat Flimminses were both in convulsions. Scream! scream! scream!

A moment of confusion! The next moment a sudden light! A watchman with his lantern stood at the door.

"Papa!" ejaculated three of the ladies.

"Old Flimmins!—my heart will burst!" murmured Ione.

The two fat girls hurried on their collars; and Gideon, all amazement at finding himself in such a family party at midnight in a lonely

'bus, stepped out and entered into converse with the guardian of the night.

The rain stopped suddenly, and the omnibus gave up its homogeneous contents. Old Flimmins, who was in a violent perspiration, gave Gideon his cloak to carry, and his two arms to his two pinguid adult pledges. Gideon took Ophelia and Phebe, and they mizzled. Mockery! mockery!

Ione is not yet gone to the spirit-sphere — kept here partly by the strength of the fleshy fetter over which she mourned, and partly by the dove-tailed duties consequent upon annual Flimminses. Gideon loves her after the manner of this world — but she sighs " when she hears sweet music," that her better part is still unappreciated — unfathomed — " cabined, cribbed, confined !"

## MABEL WYNNE.

MABEL WYNNE was the topmast sparkle on the crest of the first wave of luxury that swept over New York. Up to her time, the aristocratic houses were furnished with high buffets, high-backed and hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, one or two family portraits, and a silver tray on the side-board, containing cordials and brandy for morning callers. In the centre of the room hung a chandelier of coloured lamps, and the lighting of this and the hiring of three negroes (to "fatigue," as the French say, a clarinet, a base-viol, and a violin) were the only preparations necessary for the most distinguished ball. About the time that Mabel left school, however, some adventurous pioneer of the Dutch *haut ton* ventured upon lamp-stands for the corners of the rooms, stuffed red benches along the walls, and chalked floors; and upon this a French family of great beauty, residing in the lower part of Broadway, ventured upon a fancy

ball with wax candles instead of lamps, French dishes and sweetmeats instead of pickled oysters and pink champagne; and the door thus opened, luxury came in like a flood. Houses were built on a new plan of sumptuous arrangement, the ceiling stained in fresco, and the columns of the doors within painted in imitation of bronze and marble; and at last the climax was topped by Mr. Wynne, who sent the dimensions of every room in his new house to an upholsterer in Paris, with *carte blanche* as to costliness and style, and the *fournisseur* to come out himself and see to the arrangement and decoration.

It was Manhattan tea-time, old style, and while Mr. Wynne, who had the luxury of a little plain furniture in the basement, was comfortably taking his toast and hyson below stairs, Miss Wynne was just announced as "at home," by the black footman, and two of her admirers made their highly-scented *entrée*. They were led through a suite of superb rooms, lighted with lamps hid in alabaster vases, and ushered in at a mirror-door beyond, where, in a tent of fluted silk, with ottomans and draperies of the

same stuff, exquisitely arranged, the imperious Mabel held her court of 'teens.

Mabel Wynne was one of those accidents of sovereign beauty which nature seems to take delight in misplacing in the world — like the superb lobelia flashing among the sedges, or the golden oriole pluming his dazzling wings in the depth of a wilderness. She was no less than royal in all her belongings. Her features expressed consciousness of sway — a sway whose dictates had been from infancy anticipated. Never a surprise had startled those languishing eyelids from their deliberateness — never a suffusion other than the humid cloud of a tender and pensive hour had dimmed those adorable dark eyes. Or so at least it seemed!

She was a fine creature, nevertheless — Mabel Wynne! But she looked to others like a specimen of such fragile and costly workmanship that nothing beneath a palace would be a becoming home for her.

“For the present,” said Mr. Bellallure, one of the gentlemen who entered, “the bird has a fitting cage.”

Miss Wynne only smiled in reply, and the



other gentleman took upon himself to be the interpreter of her unexpressed thought.

“The cage is the accessory — not the bird,” said Mr. Blythe, “and for my part, I think Miss Wynne would show better the humbler her surroundings. As Perdita upon the green-sward, and open to a shepherd’s wooing, I should inevitably sling my heart upon a crook ——”

“And forswear that formidable, impregnable vow of celibacy?” interrupted Miss Wynne.

“I am only supposing a case, and you are not likely to be a shepherdess on the green.” But Mr. Blythe’s smile ended in a look of clouded revery; and after a few minutes’ conversation, ill-sustained by the gentlemen, who seemed each in the other’s way, they rose and took their leave — Mr. Bellallure lingering last, for he was a lover avowed.

As the door closed upon her admirer, Miss Wynne drew a letter from her portfolio, and turning it over and over with a smile of abstracted curiosity, opened and read it for the second time. She had received it that morning from an unknown source, and as it was rather a striking communication, perhaps the

reader had better know something of it before we go on.

It commenced without preface, thus :—

“ On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flues, he lost his way and found himself on the hearth of a sleeping-chamber occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room, a vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of that boy-sweep, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with an agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the skin white upon his side. The contrast between his con-

dition and that of the fair child sleeping before him brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of lava. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers poured his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

“Hereafter you may learn, if you wish, the first struggles of that boy in the attempt to diminish the distance between yourself and him — for you will have understood that you were the beautiful child he saw asleep. I repeat that it is twelve years since he stood in your chamber. He has seen you almost daily since then — watched your going out and coming in — fed his eyes and heart on your expanding beauty, and informed himself of every change and development in your mind and character. With this intimate knowledge of you, and with the expansion of his own intellect, his passion has deepened and strengthened. It possesses him now as life does his heart, and will endure as long. But his views with regard to you have changed, nevertheless.

“You will pardon the presumption of my

first feeling — that to attain my wishes I had only to become your equal. It was a natural error — for my agony at realising the difference of our conditions in life was enough to absorb me at the time — but it is surprising to me how long that delusion lasted. I am rich now. I have lately added to my fortune the last acquisition I thought desirable. But with the thought of the next thing to be done, came like a thunderbolt upon me the fear that after all my efforts you might be destined for another ! The thought is simple enough. You would think that it would have haunted me from the beginning. But I have either unconsciously shut my eyes to it, or I have been so absorbed in educating and enriching myself that *that* goal only was visible to me. It was, perhaps, fortunate for my perseverance that I was so blinded. Of my midnight studies, of my labours, of all my plans, self-denials, and anxieties, you have seemed the reward ! I have never gained a thought, never learned a refinement, never turned over gold and silver, that it was not a step nearer to Mabel Wynne. And now, that in worldly advantages, after twelve years of

effort and trial, I stand by your side at last, a thousand men who never thought of you till yesterday are equal competitors with me for your hand!

“But, as I said, my views with regard to you have changed. I have, with bitter effort, conquered the selfishness of this one lifetime ambition. I am devoted to you, as I have been from the moment I first saw you — life and fortune. These are still yours — but without the price at which you might spurn them. My person is plain and unattractive. You have seen me, and shown me no preference. There are others whom you receive with favour. And with your glorious beauty, and sweet, admirably sweet qualities of character, it would be an outrage to nature that you should not choose freely, and be mated with something of your kind. Of those who now surround you I see no one worthy of you — but he may come! Jealousy shall not blind me to his merits. The first mark of your favour (and I shall be aware of it) will turn upon him my closest, yet most candid scrutiny. He must love you well — for I shall measure his love by my own. He must

have manly beauty, and delicacy, and honour — he must be worthy of you, in short — but he need not be rich. He who steps between me and you takes the fortune I had amassed for you. I tell you this, that you may have no limit in your choice — for the worthiest of a woman's lovers is often barred from her by poverty.

“Of course I have made no vow against seeking your favour. On the contrary, I shall lose no opportunity of making myself agreeable to you. It is against my nature to abandon hope, though I am painfully conscious of my inferiority to other men in the qualities which please a woman. All I have done is to deprive my pursuit of its selfishness — to make it subservient to your happiness purely — as it still would be were I the object of your preference. You will hear from me at any crisis of your feelings. Pardon my being a spy upon you. I know you well enough to be sure that this letter will be a secret — since I wish it. Adieu.”

Mabel laid her cheek in the hollow of her hand, and mused long on this singular communication. It stirred her romance, but it wakened

still more her curiosity. Who was he? She had "seen him and shown him no preference!" Which could it be of the hundred of her chance-made acquaintances? She conjectured at some disadvantage, for "she had come out" within the past year only, and her mother having long been dead, the visitors to the house were all but recently made known to her. She could set aside two thirds of them, as sons of families well known, but there were, at least, a score of others, any one of whom might, twelve years before, have been as obscure as her anonymous lover. Whoever he might be, Mabel thought he could hardly come into her presence again without betraying himself, and, with a pleased smile at the thought of the discovery, she again locked up the letter.

Those were days (to be regretted or not, as you please, dear reader!) when the notable society of New York revolved in one self-complacent and clearly-defined circle. Call it a wheel, and say that the centre was a belle and the radii were beaux — (the periphery of course composed of those who could "down with the dust"). And on the 15th of July, regularly


and imperatively, this fashionable wheel rolled off to Saratoga.

"Mabel! my daughter!" said old Wynne, as he bade her good night the evening before starting for the Springs, "it is useless to be blind to the fact, that among your many admirers you have several very pressing lovers — suitors for your hand I may safely say. Now, I do not wish to put any unnecessary restraint upon your choice, but as you are going to a gay place, where you are likely to decide the matter in your own mind, I wish to express an opinion. You may give it what weight you think a father's judgment should have in such matters. I do *not* like Mr. Bellallure — for, beside my prejudice against the man, we know nothing of his previous life, and he may be a swindler or any thing else. I *do* like Mr. Blythe — for I have known him many years; he comes of a most respectable family, and he is wealthy and worthy. These two seem to me the most in earnest, and you apparently give them the most of your time. If the decision is to be between them, you have *my* choice. Good night, my love!"

Some people think it is owing to the Saratoga



water. I differ from them. The water *is* an "alterative," it is true — but I think people do not so much alter as develop at Saratoga. The fact is clear enough — that at the Springs we change our opinions of almost everybody — but (though it seems a bold supposition at first glance) I am inclined to believe it is because we see so much more of them! Knowing people in the city, and knowing them at the Springs, is very much in the same line of proof as tasting wine and drinking a bottle. Why, what is a week's history of a city acquaintance? A morning call thrice a week, a diurnal bow in Broadway, and perhaps a quadrille or two in the party season. What chance in that to ruffle a temper or try a weakness? At the Springs, now, dear lady, you wear a man all day like a shoe. Down at the platform with him to drink the waters before breakfast — strolls on the portico with him till ten — drives with him to Bar-height's till dinner — lounges in the drawing-room with him till tea — dancing and promenading with him till midnight — very little short altogether of absolute matrimony; and, like matrimony, it is a very severe trial. Your



“best fellow” is sure to be found out, and so is your plausible fellow, your egotist, and your “spoon.”

Mr. Beverly Bellallure had cultivated the male attractions with marked success. At times he probably thought himself a plain man, and an artist who should only paint what could be measured with a rule, would have made a plain portrait of Mr. Bellallure. But — the atmosphere of the man! There is a physiognomy in movement — there is aspect in the harmonious link between mood and posture — there is expression in the face of which the features are as much a portrait as a bagpipe is a copy of a Scotch song. Beauty, my dear artist, cannot always be translated by canvass and oils. You must paint “the magnetic fluid” to get a portrait of some men. Sir Thomas Lawrence seldom painted any thing else — as you may see by his picture of Lady Blessington, which is like her without having copied a single feature of her face. Yet an artist would be very much surprised if you should offer to sit to him for your magnetic atmosphere — though it expresses (does it not?) exactly what you want.

when you order a picture! You wish to be painted as you appear to those who love you — a picture altogether unrecognisable by those who love you not.

Mr. Bellallure, then, was magnetically handsome — positively plain. He dressed with an art beyond detection. He spent his money as if he could dip it at will out of Pactolus. He was intimate with nobody, and so nobody knew his history; but he wrote himself on the register of Congress Hall as “from New York,” and he threw all his forces into one unmistakable demonstration — the pursuit of Miss Mabel Wynne.

But Mr. Bellallure had a formidable rival. Mr. Blythe was as much in earnest as he, though he played his game with a touch-and-go freedom, as if he was prepared to lose it. And Mr. Blythe had very much surprised those people at Saratoga who did not know that between a very plain man and a very elegant man there is often but the adding of the rose-leaf to the brimming jar. He was perhaps a little gayer than in New York, certainly a little more dressed, certainly a little more prominent.

in general conversation — but without any difference that you could swear to, Mr. Blythe, the plain and reliable business man, whom everybody esteemed without particularly admiring, had become Mr. Blythe the model of elegance and ease, the gentleman and conversationist *par excellence*. And nobody could tell how the statue could have lain so long unsuspected in the marble.

The race for Miss Wynne's hand and fortune was a general sweepstakes, and there were a hundred men at the Springs ready to take advantage of any falling back on the part of the two on the lead; but with Blythe and Bellallure Miss Wynne herself seemed fully occupied. The latter had a "friend at court" — the belief, kept secret in the fair Mabel's heart, that he was the romantic lover of whose life and fortune she had been the inspiration. She was an eminently romantic girl, with all her strong sense; and the devotion which had proved itself so deep and controlling was in reality the dominant spell upon her heart. She felt that she must love that man, whatever his outside might be, and she construed the im-

penetrable silence with which Bellallure received her occasional hints as to his identity, into a magnanimous determination to win her without any advantage from the romance of his position.

Yet she sometimes wished it had been Mr. Blythe! The opinion of her father had great weight with her; but, more than that, she felt instinctively that he was the safer man to be intrusted with a woman's happiness. If there had been a doubt — if her father had not assured her that "Mr. Blythe came of a most respectable family" — if the secret had wavered between them — she would have given up to Bellallure without a sigh. Blythe was every thing she admired and wished for in a husband — but the man who had *made himself for her*, by a devotion unparalleled even in her reading of fiction, held captive her dazzled imagination, if not her grateful heart. She made constant efforts to think only of Bellallure, but the efforts were preceded ominously with a sigh.

And now Bellallure's star seemed in the ascendant — for urgent business called Mr. Wynne to the city, and on the succeeding day

Mr. Blythe followed him, though with an assurance of speedy return. Mabel was left under the care of an indulgent chaperon, who took a pleasure in promoting the happiness of the supposed lovers ; and driving, lounging, waltzing, and promenading, Bellallure pushed his suit with ardour unremitted. He was a skilful master of the art of wooing, and it would have been a difficult woman indeed who would not have been pleased with his society—but the secret in Mabel's breast was the spell by which he held her.

A week elapsed, and Bellallure pleaded the receipt of unexpected news, and left suddenly for New York—to Mabel's surprise, exacting no promise at parting, though she felt that she should have given it with reluctance. The mail of the second day following brought her a brief letter from her father, requesting her immediate return ; and more important still, a note from her incognito lover. It ran thus :—

“ You will recognise my handwriting again. I have little to say—for I abandon the intention I had formed to comment on your apparent preference. Your happiness is in your own

hands. Circumstances which will be explained to you, and which will excuse this abrupt forwardness, compel me to urge you to an immediate choice. On your arrival at home, you will meet me in your father's house, where I shall call to await you. I confess, tremblingly, that I still cherish a hope. If I am not deceived — if you can consent to love me — if my long devotion is to be rewarded — take my hand when you meet me. That moment will decide the value of my life. But be prepared also to name another if you love him — for there is a necessity, which I cannot explain to you till you have chosen your husband, that this choice should be made on your arrival. Trust and forgive one who has so long loved you!"

Mabel pondered long on this strange letter. Her spirit at moments revolted against its apparent dictation, but there was the assurance, which she could not resist trusting, that it could be explained and forgiven. At all events, she was at liberty to fulfil its requisitions or not — and she would decide when the time came. Happy was Mabel — unconsciously happy —

in the generosity and delicacy of her unnamed lover! Her father, by one of the sudden reverses of mercantile fortune, had been stripped of his wealth in a day! Stunned and heart-broken, he knew not how to break it to his daughter, but he had written for her to return. His sumptuous house had been sold over his head, yet the purchaser, whom he did not know, had liberally offered the use of it till his affairs were settled. And, meantime, his ruin was made public. The news of it, indeed, had reached Saratoga before the departure of Mabel — but there were none willing to wound her by speaking of it.

The day was one of the sweetest of summer, and as the boat ploughed her way down the Hudson, Mabel sat on the deck lost in thought. Her father's opinion of Bellallure, and his probable displeasure at her choice, weighed uncomfortably on her mind. She turned her thoughts upon Mr. Blythe, and felt surprised at the pleasure with which she remembered his kind manners and his trust-inspiring look. She began to reason with herself more calmly than she had power to do with her lovers around her.



She confessed to herself that Bellallure might have the romantic perseverance shown in the career of the chimney-sweep, and still be deficient in qualities necessary to domestic happiness. There seemed to her something false about Bellallure. She could not say in what — but he had so impressed her. A long day's silent reflection deepened this impression, and Mabel arrived at the city with changed feelings. She prepared herself to meet him at her father's house, and show him by her manner that she could accept neither his hand nor his fortune.

Mr. Wynne was at the door to receive his daughter, and Mabel felt relieved, for she thought that his presence would bar all explanation between herself and Bellallure. The old man embraced her with an effusion of tears which she did not quite understand, but he led her to the drawing-room and closed the door. Mr. Blythe stood before her!

Forgetting the letter — dissociated wholly as it was, in her mind, with Mr. Blythe — Mabel ran to him with frank cordiality and gave him her hand! Blythe stood a moment — his hand trembling in hers — and as a suspicion of the

truth flashed suddenly on Mabel's mind, the generous lover drew her to his bosom and folded her passionately in his embrace. Mabel's struggles were slight, and her happiness unexpectedly complete.

The marriage was like other marriages.

Mr. Wynne had drawn a little on his imagination in recommending Mr. Blythe to his daughter as "a young man of most respectable family."

Mr. Blythe was the purchaser of Mr. Wynne's superb house; and the old man ended his days under its roof — happy to the last in the society of the Blythes, large and little.

Mr. Bellallure turned out to be a clever adventurer, and had Mabel married him, she would have been Mrs. Bellallure No. 2. — possibly No. 4. He thought himself too nice a young man for monopoly.

I think my story is told — if your imagination has filled up the interstices, that is to say.

## THE GHOST-BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.

It was the last week of September, and the keeper of "Congress Hall" stood on his deserted colonnade. The dusty street of Saratoga was asleep in the stillness of village afternoon. The whittlings of the stage-runners at the corners, and around the leaning posts, were fading into dingy undistinguishableness. Stiff and dry hung the slop cloths at the door of the livery stable, and drearily clean was doorway and stall. "The season" was over.

"Well, Mr. B——!" said the Boniface of the great caravansary to a gentlemanly-looking invalid, crossing over from the village tavern on his way to Congress Spring, "this looks like the end of it! A slimmish season, though, Mr. B——! 'Gad, things isn't as they used to be in *your* time! Three months we used to have of it, in them days, and the same people coming and going all summer, and folks' own horses, and all the ladies drinking champagne! And

every 'hop' was as good as a ball, and a ball—when do you ever see such balls now-a-days? Why, here's all my best wines in the cellar; and as to beauty—pooh!—they're done coming *here*, any how, are the belles, such as belles *was!*”

“You may say that, mine host, you *may* say that!” replied the damaged Corydon, leaning heavily on his cane—“what!—they're all gone, now, eh—nobody at the ‘United States?’”

“Not a soul—and here's weather like August!—capital weather for young ladies to walk out evenings, and for a drive to Barheight's—nothing like it! It's a sin, *I* say, to pass such weather in the city! Why shouldn't they come to the Springs in the Indian summer, Mr. B——?”

Coming events seemed to have cast their shadows before. As Boniface turned his eyes instinctively toward the sand hill, whose cloud of dust was the precursor of new pilgrims to the waters, and the sign for the black boy to ring the bell of arrival, behold, on its summit, gleaming through the nebulous pyramid, like a lobster through the steam of the fisherman's

pot, one of the red coaches of "the People's Line."

And another!

And another!

And another!

Down the sandy descent came the first, while the driver's horn, intermittent with the crack of his whip, set to bobbing every pine cone of the adjacent wilderness.

"Prrr—ru—te—too—toot—pash!—crack!  
—snap!—prrrr—r—rut—rut—rrut!! G'lang!  
—Hip!"

Boniface laid his hand on the pull of the porter's bell, but the thought flashed through his mind that he might have been dreaming—was he awake?

And, marvel upon wonder!—a horn of arrival from the *other* end of the village! And as he turned his eyes in that direction, he saw the dingier turnouts from Lake Sacrament—extras, wagons—every variety of rattletrap conveyance—pouring in like an Irish funeral on the return, and making (oh, climax more satisfactory!) straight, all, for Congress Hall!

Events now grew precipitate.

Ladies were helped out with green veils — parasols and baskets were handed after them — baggage was chalked and distributed — (and parasols, baskets, and baggage, be it noted, were all of the complexion that innkeepers love, the indefinable look which betrays the owner's addictedness to extras) — and now there was ringing of bells; and there were orders for the woodcocks to be dressed with pork chemises, and for the champagne to be iced, the sherry not — and through the arid corridors of Congress Hall floated a delicious toilet air of cold cream and lavender — and ladies' maids came down to press out white dresses, while the cook heated the curling-irons — and up and down the stairs flitted, with the blest confusion of other days, boots and iced sangarees, hot water, towels, and mint-juleps — all delightful, but all incomprehensible! Was the summer encored; or had the Jews gone back to Jerusalem? To the keeper of Congress Hall the restoration of the millennium would have been a rushlight to this second advent of fun-and-fashion-dom!

Thus far we have looked through the eyes of the person (pocket-ually speaking) most in-

terested in the singular event we wished to describe. Let us now (tea being over, and your astonishment having had time to breathe) take the devil's place at the elbow of the invalided dandy before mentioned, and follow him over to Congress Hall. It was a mild night, and, as I said before, (or meant to, if I did not,) August, having been prematurely cut off by his *raining* successor, seemed up again, like Hamlet's governor, and bent on walking out his time.

Rice (you remember Rice — famous for his lemonades with a corrective) — Rice, having nearly ignited his forefinger with charging wines at dinner, was out to cool on the colonnade, and B——, not strong enough to stand about, drew a chair near the drawing-room window, and begged the rosy bar-keeper to throw what light he could upon this multitudinous apparition. Rice could only feed the fire of his wonder with the fuel of additional circumstances. Coaches had been arriving from every direction till the house was full. The departed black band had been stopped at Albany, and sent back. There seemed no married

people in the party — at least, judging by dress and flirtation. Here and there a belle, a little on the wane, but all most juvenescent in gaiety, and (Rice thought) handsomer girls than had been at Congress Hall since the days of the Albany regency (the regency of beauty), ten years ago! Indeed, it struck Rice that he had seen the faces of these lovely girls before, though they whom he thought they resembled had long since gone off the stage — grandmothers, some of them, now!

Rice had been told, also, that there was an extraordinary and overwhelming arrival of children and nurses at the Pavilion Hotel, but he thought the report smelt rather like a jealous figment of the Pavilioners. Odd, if true — that's all!

Mr. B—— had taken his seat on the colonnade, as Shakspeare expresses it, “about cock-shut time” — twilight — and in the darkness made visible of the rooms within, he could only distinguish the outline of some very exquisite and exquisitely plump figures gliding to and fro, winged, each one, with a pair of rather stoutish, but most attentive admirers. As the



curfew hour stole away, however, the ladies stole away with it, to dress; and at ten o'clock the sudden outbreak of the full band in a mazurka, drew Mr. B——'s attention to the dining-room frontage of the colonnade, and, moving his chair to one of the windows, the cockles of his heart warmed to see the orchestra in its glory of old — thirteen black Orpheuses perched on a throne of dining-tables, and the black veins on their shining temples strained to the crack of mortality with their zealous execution. The waiters, meantime, were lighting the tin Briareus (that spermaceti monster so destructive to broad-cloth), and the side-sconces and stand-lamps, and presently a blaze of light flooded the dusty evergreens of the façade, and nothing was wanting but some fashionable Curtius to plunge first into the void — some adventurous Benton, "to set the ball in motion."

Wrapped carefully from the night-air in his cloak and belcher, B—— sat, looking earnestly into the room, and to his excited senses there seemed, about all this supplement to the summer's gaiety, a weird mysteriousness, an atmosphere of magic, which was observable, he

thought, even in the burning of the candles ! And as to Johnson, the sable leader of the band — “ God’s my life,” as Bottom says, how like a tormented fiend writhed the cremona betwixt his chin and white waistcoat ! Such music, from instruments so vexed, had never split the ears of the Saratoga groundlings since the rule of Saint Dominick (in whose hands even wine sparkled to song) — no, not since the golden age of the Springs, when that lord of harmony and the nabobs of lower Broadway made of Congress Hall a paradise for the unmarried ! Was Johnson bewitched ? Was Congress Hall repossessed by the spirits of the past ? If ever Mr. B——, sitting in other years on that resounding colonnade, had *felt* the magnetic atmosphere of people he knew to be up stairs, he felt it now ! If ever he had been contented, knowing that certain bright creatures would presently glide into the visual radius of black Johnson, he felt contented, inexplicably, from the same cause *now* — expecting, as if such music could only be *their* herald, the entrance of the same bright creatures, no older, and as bright after years of matrimony. And now

and then B—— pressed his hand to his head — for he was not quite sure that he might not be a little wandering in his mind.

But suddenly the band struck up a march! The first bar was played through, and B—— looked at the door, sighing that this sweet hallucination — this waking dream of other days — was now to be scattered by reality! He could have filliped that mercenary Ethiopian on the nose for playing such music to such falling off from the past as he now looked to see enter.

A lady crossed the threshold on a gentleman's arm.

“Ha! ha!” said B——, trying with a wild effort to laugh, and pinching his arm into a blood-blisters, “come — this is *too* good! Helen K——! oh, no! Not quite crazy yet, I hope — not so far gone yet! Yet it is! I swear it is! And not changed either! Beautiful as ever, by all that is wonderful! Psha! I'll not be mad! Rice! — are you there? Why, who are these coming after her? Julia L——! Anna K——, and my friend Fanny! The D——s! The M——s! Nay, I'm dreaming,

silly fool that I am! I'll call for a light! Waiter!! Where the devil's the bell?"

And as poor B—— insisted on finding himself in bed, reached out his hand to find the bell-pull, one of the waiters of Congress Hall came to his summons. The gentleman wanted nothing, and the waiter thought he had cried out in his nap; and rather embarrassed to explain his wants, but still unconvinced of his freedom from dream-land, B—— drew his hat over his eyes, and his cloak around him, and screwed up his courage to look again into the enchanted ball-room.

The quadrilles were formed, and the lady at the head of the first set was spreading her skirts for the *avant-deux*. She was a tall woman, superbly handsome, and moved with the grace of a frigate at sea with a nine-knot breeze. Eyes capable of taking in lodgers (hearts, that is to say) of any and every calibre and quality, a bust for a Cornelia, a shape all love and lightness, and a smile like a temptation of Eblis—there she was—and there were fifty like her—not like her, exactly, either, but of *her* constellation—belles, every one of

them, who will be remembered by old men, and used for the disparagement of degenerated younglings — splendid women of Mr. B——'s time, and of the palmy time of Congress Hall —

“ The past — the past — the past ! ”

Out on your staring and unsheltered lantern of brick — your “ United States Hotel,” stiff, modern, and promiscuous ! Who ever passed a comfortable hour in its glaring cross-lights, or breathed a gentle sentiment in its unsubdued air, and townish open-to-dustiness ? What is it to the leafy dimness, the cool shadows, the perpetual and pensive *demi-jour* — what to the ten thousand associations — of Congress Hall ? Who has not lost a heart (or two) on the boards of that primitive wilderness of a colonnade ? Whose first adorations, whose sighs, hopes, strategies, and flirtations, are not ground into that warped and slipper-polished floor, like heart-ache and avarice into the bricks of Wall Street ? Lord bless you, madam ! don't desert old Congress Hall ! We have done going to the Springs — (*we*) — and wouldn't go there again.

for any thing, but a good price for a pang— (that is, except to see such a sight as we are describing) — but we cannot bear, in our mid-summer flit through the Astor, to see charming girls bound for Saratoga, and hear no talk of Congress Hall! What! no lounge on those proposal sofas — no pluck at the bright green leaves of those luxuriant creepers while listening to “the voice of the charmer” — no dawdle on the steps to the spring (mamma gone on before) — no hunting for *that* glow-worm in the shrubbery by the music-room — no swing — no billiards — no morning gossips with the few privileged beaux admitted to the up-stairs entry, ladies’ wing!

“ I’d sooner be set quick i’ the earth,  
And bowled to death with turnips,”

than assist or mingle in such ungrateful forgetfulness of pleasure-land! But what do we with a digression in a ghost-story?

The ball went on. Champagne of the “ exploded ” colour (pink) was freely circulated between the dances — (rosy wine suited to the bright days when all things were tinted rose) —

and wit, exploded, too, in these leaden times, went round with the wine; and as a glass of the bright vintage was handed up to old Johnson, B—— stretched his neck over the window-sill in an agony of expectation, confident that the black ghost, if ghost he were, would fail to recognise the leaders of fashion, as he was wont of old, and to bow respectfully to them before drinking in their presence. Oh, murder! not he! Down went his black poll to the music-stand, and up, and down again, and at every dip, the white roller of that unctuous eye was brought to bear upon some well-remembered star of the ascendant! *He* saw them as B—— did! *He* was not playing to an unrecognised company of late-comers to Saratoga — anybodies from any place! He, the unimaginative African, believed evidently that they were there in flesh — Helen, the glorious, and all her fair troop of contemporaries! — and that with them had come back their old lovers, the gay and gallant Lotharios of the time of Johnson's first blushing honours of renown! The big drops of agonised horror and incredulity rolled off the forehead of Mr. B——!

But suddenly the waiters radiated to the side-doors, and with the celestial felicity of star-rising and morning-breaking, a waltz was found playing in the ears of the revellers! Perfect, yet, when it did begin! Waltzed every brain and vein, waltzed every swimming eye within the reach of its magic vibrations! Gently away floated couple after couple, and as they circled round to his point of observation, B—— could have called every waltzer by name — but his heart was in his throat, but his eye-balls were hot with the stony immovableness of his long gazing.

Another change in the music! Spirits of bedevilment! could not *that* waltz have been spared! Boniface stood waltzing his head from shoulder to shoulder — Rice twirled the head chambermaid in the entry — the black and white boys spun round on the colonnade — the wall-flowers in the ball-room crowded their chairs to the wall — the candles flared embracingly — ghosts or no ghosts, dream or hallucination, B—— could endure no more! He flung off his cloak and hat, and jumped in at the window. The divine Emily C—— had that



moment risen from tying her shoe. With a nod to her partner, and a smile to herself, B—— encircled her round waist, and away he flew like Ariel, light on the toe, but his face pallid and wild, and his emaciated legs playing like sticks in his unfilled trousers. Twice he made the circuit of the room, exciting apparently less surprise than pleasure by his sudden appearance; then, with a wavering halt, and his hand laid tremulously to his forehead, he flew at the hall-door at a tangent, and rushing through servants and spectators, dashed across the portico, and disappeared in the darkness! A fortnight's brain-fever deprived him of the opportunity of repeating this remarkable flourish, and his subsequent sanity was established through some critical hazard.

There was some inquiry at supper about "old B——," but the lady who waltzed with him knew as little of his coming and going as the managers; and, by one belle, who had been at some trouble in other days to quench his ardour, it was solemnly believed to be his persevering apparition.

The next day there was a drive and dinner at

Barheight's, and back in time for ball and supper; and the day after there was a most hilarious and memorable fishing-party to Saratoga lake, and all back again in high force for the ball and supper; and so like a long gala-day, like a short summer carnival, all frolic, sped the week away. Boniface, by the third day, had rallied his recollections, and, with many a scrape and compliment, he renewed his acquaintance with the belles and beaux of a brighter period of beauty and gallantry. And if there was any mystery remaining in the old functionary's mind as to the identity and miracle of their presence and reunion, it was on the one point of the ladies' unfaded loveliness — for, saving a half inch aggregation in the waist, which was rather an improvement than otherwise, and a little more fulness in the bust, which was a most embellishing difference, the ten years that had gone over them had made no mark on the lady portion of his guests; and as to the gentlemen — but that is neither here nor there. They were "men of mark," young or old, and their wear and tear is, as Flute says, "a thing of naught."

It was revealed by the keeper of the Pavilion, after the departure of the late-come revellers of Congress Hall, that there had been constant and secret visitations by the belles of the latter sojourn, to the numerous infantine lodgers of the former. Such a troop of babies and boys, and all so lovely, had seldom gladdened even the eyes of angels, out of the cherubic choir (let alone the Saratoga Pavilion), and though, in their white dresses and rose-buds, the belles afore spoken of looked like beautiful elder sisters to those motherless younglings, yet when they came in, mothers confessed, on the morning of departure, openly to superintend the preparations for travel, they had so put off the untroubled maiden look from their countenances, and so put on the indescribable growing-oldness of married life in their dress, that, to the eye of an observer, they might well have passed for the mothers of the girls they had themselves seemed to be, the day before, only.

Who devised, planned, and brought about, this practical comment on the *needlessness of the American haste to be old*, we are not at liberty to mention. The reader will have surmised,

however, that it was some one who had observed the more enduring quality of beauty in other lands, and on returning to his own, looked in vain for those who, by every law of nature, should be still embellishing the society of which he had left them the budding flower and ornament. To get them together again, only with their contemporaries, in one of their familiar haunts of pleasure — to suggest the exclusion of every thing but youthfulness in dress, amusement, and occupation — to bring to meet them their old admirers, married like themselves, but entering the field once more for their smiles against their rejuvenescent husbands — to array them as belles again, and see whether it was any falling off in beauty or the power of pleasing which had driven them from their prominent places in social life — this was the obvious best way of doing his immediate circles of friends the service his feelings exacted of him ; the only way, indeed, of convincing these bright creatures that they had far anticipated the fading hour of bloom and youthfulness. *Pensez-y !*

## BORN TO LOVE PIGS AND CHICKENS

THE guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully out of the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of an October passed over to history. No shopping — no visiting! The morning must be passed in-doors. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail — (which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair). Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially “be seen”) on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, “patronise” the Astor. As if there was any *patronage* in getting the worth of your money!

Well — the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the windows, and a great deal at

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each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels and underbred persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fitful and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four very silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies on the ottomans, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with the last-mentioned much-embellished young lady.

“ Well, I can’t sit on this soft chair all day, cousin Meg!” said the gentleman.

“ ‘Sh! — call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud,” said the lady. “ And what would you do out of doors this rainy day? I’m sure it’s very pleasant here.”

“ Not for me. I’d rather be thrashing in the barn. But there must be some ‘ rainy-weather work ’ in the city as well as the country.

There's some fun, *I* know, that's kept for a wet day, as we keep corn-shelling and grinding the tools."

"Dear me!"

"Well — what now?"

"Oh, nothing! — but I *do* wish you wouldn't bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eyebrows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted down.

Miss Margaret Piffrit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*—youth and freshness. (Though, why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders

had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like "C sharp" in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings—a model resembling in figure the high-born creatures whose never-varied face is seen in all the plates of fashion, yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Piffrit could have bent her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if she could but have protruded from the flounce of her dress a foot more like a mincing little muscle-shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she



could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her uproarious and indomitable roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Piffit would have realised all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man, of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in shirt-sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to fling himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the top rail of a fence or

the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we get on.

"Eph." Bracely and "Meg" Piffli were "engaged." With the young lady it was, as the French say, *faute de mieux*, for her *beau-ideal* (or, in plain English, her ideal beau) was a tall, pale young gentleman, with white gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph. were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and, moreover, had inherited the Piffli farm, which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and, moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath of her mother, and (moreover third), had been "let be" his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neighbourhood, why, it seemed one of those matches made in Heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him

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told whose carriage is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Piffliit.

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city — somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last elopement, somebody to send her patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of *tournures*, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these apparently unlikely acquaintances are formed, is as much a mystery as the eternal youth of post-boys, and the eternal duration of donkeys. Far be it from me to pry irreverently into those pokerish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia Hampson was an acquaintance of Miss Piffliit's.

Everybody knows "Hampson and Co."

Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of dressmakers and milliners. These

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important vicegerents of the Hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and lily, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. Wo be to an unloveable woman, if she be not endowed with taste supreme. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colours of the rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to influence the embellishment of sweetness and loveliness. They who talk of "anything's looking well on a pretty woman" have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous exceptions, and no tradeswoman of the fashion will *sell* taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of these dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin.

Miss Hampson, to whom the supplies of elegance came as naturally as bread and butter,

and occasioned as little speculation as to the whence or how, was as unconsciously elegant, of course, as a well-dressed lily. She was abstractly a very beautiful girl, though in a very delicate and unobtrusive style; and by dint of absolute fitness in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by common observers at least, would be half given to her fashionable air and unexceptionable toilet. The damsel and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift, and how much was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood by even her most discriminate admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the stairs.

The two young ladies met with a kiss, in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Piffrit) there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!"

"My dear Margerine!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friends at the point of the bayonet.)

Eph. twitched, remindingly, the *jupon* of his

cousin, and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Austin's novels.

"Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that deep courtesy," thought Eph. (and so there was — for Miss Hampson took an irresistible cue from the inflated ceremoniousness of the introduction).

Eph. made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse-blanket. And if he could have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and resentful as the eloquence of Red Jacket — but that rustic blush, up to his hair, was like a mask dropped over his features.

"A bashful country boy," thought Miss Hampson, as she looked compassionately upon his red-hot forehead, and forthwith dismissed him entirely from her thoughts.

With a consciousness that he had better leave the room, and walk off his mortification under an umbrella, Eph. took his seat, and silently listened to the conversation of the young ladies. Miss Hampson had come to pass the morning with her friend, and she took off

her bonnet, and showered down upon her dazzling neck a profusion of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry humiliation, the young farmer felt a thrill run through his veins as the heavy curls fell indolently about her shoulders. He had never before looked upon a woman with emotion. He hated her—oh, yes! for she had given him a look that could never be forgiven—but for *somebody*, she must be the angel of the world. Eph. would have given all his sheep and horses, cows, crops, and haystacks, to have seen the man she would fancy to be her equal. He could not give even a guess at the height of that conscious superiority from which she individually looked down upon him; but it would have satisfied a thirst which almost made him scream, to measure himself by a man with whom *she* could be familiar. Where was his inferiority? What was it? Why had he been blind to it till now? Was there no surgeon's knife, no caustic, that could carve out, or cut away, burn or scarify, the vulgarities she looked upon so contemptuously? But the devil take her superciliousness, nevertheless!

It was a bitter morning to Eph. Bracely, but



still it went like a dream. The hotel parlour was no longer a stupid place. His cousin Meg had gained a consequence in his eyes, for she was the object of caress from this superior creature—she was the link which kept her within his observation. He was too full of other feelings just now to do more than acknowledge the superiority of this girl to his cousin. He *felt* it in his after-thoughts, and his destiny then, for the first time, seemed crossed and inadequate to his wishes.

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(We hereby draw upon your imagination for six months, courteous reader. Please allow the teller to show you into the middle of the following July.)

Bracely farm, ten o'clock of a glorious summer morning—Miss Piffrit extended upon a sofa in despair. But let us go back a little.

A week before, a letter had been received from Miss Hampson, who, to the delight and surprise of her friend Margerine, had taken the whim to pass a month with her. She was at Rockaway, and was sick and tired of waltzing

and the sea. Had Farmer Bracely a spare corner for a poor girl?

But Miss Piffit's "sober second thought" was utter consternation. How to lodge fitly the elegant Julia Hampson? No French bed in the house, no boudoir, no ottomans, no pastilles, no baths, no Psyche to dress by. What vulgar wretches they would seem to her! What insupportable horror she would feel at the dreadful inelegance of the farm! Meg was pale with terror and dismay as she went into the details of anticipation.

Something must be done, however. A sleepless night of reflection and contrivance sufficed to give some shape to the capabilities of the case, and by daylight the next morning the whole house was in commotion. Meg had fortunately a large bump of constructiveness, very much enlarged by her habitual dilemmas-toilet. A boudoir must be constructed. Farmer Bracely slept in the dried apple-room, on the lower floor, and he was no sooner out of his bed than his bag and baggage were tumbled up stairs, his gun and Sunday whip were taken down from their nails, and the floor scoured, and the ceiling

whitewashed. Eph. was by this time returned from the village with all the chintz that could be bought, and a paper of tacks, and some new straw carpeting; and by ten o'clock that night the four walls of the apartment were covered with the gaily-flowered material, the carpet was nailed down, and old Farmer Bracely thought it a mighty nice, cool-looking place. Eph. was a bit of a carpenter, and he soon knocked together some boxes, which, when covered with chintz, and stuffed with wool, looked very like ottomans; and, with a handsome cloth on the round-table, geraniums in the windows, and a chintz curtain to subdue the light, it was not far from a very charming boudoir, and Meg began to breathe more freely.

But Eph. had heard this news with the blood hot in his temples. Was that proud woman coming to look again upon him with contempt, and here, too, where the rusticity, which he presumed to be the object of her scorn, would be a thousand times more flagrant and visible? And yet, with the entreaty on his lip that his cousin would refuse to receive her, his heart had checked the utterance — for an irresistible

desire sprung suddenly within him to see her, even at the bitter cost of tenfold his former mortification.

Yet, as the preparations for receiving Miss Hampson went on, other thoughts took possession of his mind. Eph. was not a man, indeed, to come off second-best in the long pull of wrestling with a weakness. His pride began to show its colours. He remembered his independence as a farmer, dependant on no man, and a little comparison between his pursuits, and life, such as he knew it to be, in a city, soon put him, in his own consciousness at least, on a par with Miss Hampson's connexions. This point once attained, Eph. cleared his brow, and went whistling about the farm as usual — receiving without reply, however, a suggestion of his cousin Meg's, that he had better burn his old straw hat, for, in a fit of absence, he *might possibly* put it on while Miss Hampson was there.

Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampson's arrival at Bracely Farm, and, as we said before, Miss Piffrit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued

with her journey, she had determined not to wake her, but to order breakfast in the *boudoir* at eleven. Farmer Bracely and Eph. must have their breakfast at seven, however; and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, courtesy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologise for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly-hatched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, down by the river, and up in the haymow, and was perfectly enchanted with every thing, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old Farmer Bracely.

"Very well — but hang your condescension!" thought Eph., distrustfully.

"Mercy on me! — to like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Piffrit.

But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other,

and chattered away like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay smelt so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and so many dear speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind-looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys — it was delicious — it was enchanting — it was worth a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways. How anybody could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampson matter of incredulous wonder.

“Will you come into the *boudoir*?” asked Miss Piffrit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.

“*Boudoir!*” exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracely, “no, dear! I’d rather go out to the barn! Are you going any where with the oxen to-day, sir?” she added, going up to the grey-headed farmer caressingly, “I should *so* like to ride in that great cart!”

Eph. was a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too.

courteous not to give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder, (not to imitate the broad riband of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off handily while mowing,) and offering Miss Hampson a rake which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by with the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as everybody knows, never hinders or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that winding green lane between the bushes was like an avenue to paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss Hampson, standing up and holding on to old Farmer Bracely, watched the great oxen crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed, as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed veritably and unaffectedly en-

chanted. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he watched her, and listened to her, with a broad honest smile of admiration on his weather-browned countenance.

The oxen were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph. and his father turned to mowing, leaving Miss Hampson to ramble about over the meadow, and gather flowers by the river-side. In the course of an hour, they began to rake up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and stoutly followed Eph. up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sun-bonnet as it never had glowed with waltzing. Heated and tired at last, she made herself a seat with the new hay under a large elm, and, with her back to the tree, watched the labours of her companions.

Eph. was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation he did with a fine display of muscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped along after his rake on the elastic sward, and she thought, for



the first time, what a very handsome man was young Bracely, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waltzing. And for an hour she sat watching his motion, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, of late years, had fallen into the habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph. came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampson slept soundly in the shade. One small foot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless polish and whiteness showed between her kerchief and her sleeve.

Her slight waist bent to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-moulded bust into high relief; and all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and luxuriant.

And as Eph. looked on that dangerous picture of loveliness, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.

(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampson to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely Farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleanings to do after we have been over the ground.)

Eph. Bracely's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hampson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the amusement

of the ladies after the haying was over; and what with fishing, and riding, and scenery-hunting in the neighbourhood, the young people were together from morning till night. Miss Piffrit came down unwillingly to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the *boudoir*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-door belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such superfine contempt; and Eph., who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became apparent, at last, to the incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timidly, but fondly returned by her elegant and high-bred friend, was also very apparent to Miss Piffrit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly — for, a city life and a

city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and secret hope, and she never had fairly looked in the face a burial in the country with the "pigs and chickens."

She is not married yet, Meg Piffit — but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampson, wrecked completely with the disastrous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph., can scarce be found in the valley of the Susquehannah.

## THE WIDOW BY BREVET.

LET me introduce the courteous reader to two ladies.

Miss Picklin, a tall young lady of twenty-one, near enough to good-looking to permit of a delusion on the subject (of which, however, she had an entire monopoly), with cheeks always red in a small spot, lips not so red as the cheeks, and rather thin, sharpish nose, and waist very slender; and last (not least important), a very long neck, scalded on either side into a resemblance to a scroll of shrivelled parchment, which might or might not be considered as a *mis-fortune*—serving her as a title-deed to twenty thousand dollars. The scald was inflicted, and the fortune left in consequence, by a maiden aunt who, in the babyhood of Miss Picklin, attempted to cure the child's sore throat by an application of cabbage-leaves steeped in hot vinegar.

Miss Euphemia Picklin, commonly called Phemie—a good-humoured girl, rather inclined

to be fat, but gifted with several points of beauty, of which she was not at all aware, very much a pet among her female friends, and admitting, with perfect sincerity and submission, her sister's exclusive right to the admiration of the gentlemen of their acquaintance.

Captain Isaiah Picklin, the father of these ladies, was a merchant of Salem, an importer of figs and opium, and once master of the brig "Simple Susan," which still plied between his warehouse and Constantinople — nails and cod-fish the cargo outward. I have not Miss Picklin's permission to mention the precise date of the events I am about to record, and leaving that point alone to the imagination of the reader, I shall set down the other particulars and impediments in her "course of true love" with historical fidelity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to turn her attention exclusively to matrimony, Miss Picklin had nourished a presentiment that her destiny was exotic; that the soil of Salem was too poor, and the indigenous lovers too mean; and that, potted in her twenty thousand dollars, she was a choice production, set aside

for flowering in a foreign clime, and destined to be transplanted by a foreign lover. With this secret in her bosom, she had refused one or two gentlemen of middle age, recommended by her father, beside sundry score of young gentlemen of slender revenues in her own set of acquaintances, till, if there had been any thing beside poetry in Shakspeare's assertion that it is —

“*Broom* groves

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,”

the neighbouring “brush barrens” of Saugus would have sold in lots at a premium. It was possibly from the want of nightingales, to whose complaining notes the gentleman of Verona “turned his distresses,” that the discarded of Salem preferred the consolations of Phemie Picklin.

News to the Picklins! Hassan Keui, the son of old Abdoul Keui, was coming out in the “Simple Susan!” A Turk — a live Turk — a young Turk, and the son of her father's rich correspondent in Turkey! “Ah me!” thought Miss Picklin.

The captain himself was rather taken aback. He had known old Abdoul for many years, had

traded and smoked with him in the *cafés* of Galata, had gone out with him on Sundays to lounge on the tombstones at Scutari, and had never thought twice about his yellow gown and red trousers; but what the deuce would be thought of them in Salem? True, it was his son; but a Turk's clothes descend from father to son through three generations; he knew that, from remembering this very boy all but smothered in a sort of saffron blanket, with sleeves like pillow-cases—his first assumption of the *toga virilis* (not that old Picklin knew Latin, but such was “his sentiment better expressed”). Then *he* had never been asked to the house of the Stamboul merchant, not introduced to his wives nor his daughters (indeed, he had forgotten that old Keui was near cutting his throat for asking after them)—but of course it was very different in Salem. Young Keui must be the Picklin guest, fed and lodged, and the girls would want to give him a tea-party. Would he sit on a chair, or want cushions on the floor? Would he come to dinner with his breast bare, and leave his boots outside? Would he eat rice-pudding



with his fingers? Would he think it indecent if the girls didn't wear linen cloths, Turkey fashion, over their mouths and noses? Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on his face and say his prayers four times a day, wherever he should be (with a clean place handy)? What would the neighbours say? The captain worked himself into a violent perspiration with merely thinking of all this.

The Salemites have a famous museum, and know "what manner of thing is your crocodile;" but a live Turk consigned to Captain Picklin! It set the town in a fever!

It would leave an indelicate opening for a conjecture as to Miss Picklin's present age, were I to state whether or not the arrival of the "Simple Susan" was reported by telegraph. She ran in with a fair wind one Sunday morning, and was immediately boarded by the harbour-master and Captain Picklin; and there, true to the prophetic boding of old Isaiah, the young Turk sat cross-legged on the quarter-deck, in a white turban and scarlet *et ceteras*, smoking his father's identical pipe—no other, the captain would have taken his oath!

Up rose Hassan, when informed who was his visiter, and taking old Picklin's hand, put it to his forehead. The weather-stained sea-captain had bleached in the counting-house, and he had not, at first sight, remembered the old friend of his father. He passed the pipe into Isaiah's hand, and begged him to keep it as a memento of Abdoul, for his father had died at the last Ramazan. Hassan had come out to see the world, and secure a continuance of codfish and good-will from the house of Picklin, and the merchant got astride the tiller of his old craft, and smoked this news through his amber-mouthed legacy, while the youth went below to get ready to go ashore.

The reader of course would prefer to share the first impressions of the ladies as to the young Mussulman's personal appearance, and I pass at once, therefore, to their disappointment, surprise, mortification, and vexation; when, as the bells were ringing for church, the front door opened, their father entered, and in followed a young gentleman in frock coat and trousers! Yes, and in his hand a hat—a black hat—and on his feet no yellow boots, but calf-

skin, mundane and common calfskin, and with no shaved head, and no twisted shawl around his waist; nothing to be seen but a very handsome young man indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of cocoa-nut meat, and a very deliberate pronounciation to his bad English.

Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be slept upon, for she had made great outlay of imagination upon the pomp and circumstance of wedding a white Othello in the eyes of wondering Salem; but Phemie's surprise took but five minutes to grow into a positive pleasure; and never suspecting, at any time, that she was visible to the naked eye during the eclipsing presence of her sister, she sat with a very admiring smile upon her lips, and her soft eyes fixed earnestly on the stranger, till she had made out a full inventory of his features, proportions, manners, and other stuff available in dream-land. What might be Hassan's impression of the young ladies, could not be gathered from his manner; for, in the first place, there was the reserve which belonged to him as a Turk, and, in the second place, there was a violation of all oriental notions of modesty in

their exposing their chins to the masculine observation; and though he could endure the exposure, it was of course with that diffidence of gaze which accompanies the consciousness of improper objects—adding to his demeanour another shade of timidity.

Miss Picklin's shoulders were not invaded quite to the limits of *terra cognita* by the cabbage-leaves which had exercised such an influence, on her destiny; and as the scalds somewhat resembled two maps of South America (with Patagonia under each ear), she usually, in full dress, gave a clear view of the surrounding ocean—wisely thinking it better to have the geography of her disfigurement well understood, than, by covering a small extremity (as it were the isthmus of Darien), to leave an undiscovered North America to the imagination. She appeared accordingly at dinner in a costume not likely to diminish the modest embarrassment of Mr. Keui (as she chose to call him)—extremely *décolleté*, in a pink silk dress with short sleeves, and in a turban with a gold fringe—the latter, of course, out of compliment to his country. “Money is power,” even in family circles, and

it was only Miss Picklin who exercised the privilege of full dress at a mid-day dinner. Phemie came to table dressed as at breakfast, and if she felt at all envious of her sister's pink gown and elbows to match, it did not appear in her pleasant face or sisterly attention. The captain would allow any thing, and do *almost* any thing, for his rich daughter; but as to dining with his coat on, in hot weather, company or no company, he would rather—

“be set quick i' the earth,  
And bowled to death with turnips”—

though that is not the way he expressed it. The *parti carré*, therefore (for there was no *Mrs.* Picklin), was, in the matter of costume, rather incongruous, but, as the Turk took it for granted that it was all according to the custom of the country, the carving was achieved by the shirt-sleeved captain, and the pudding “helped” by his bare-armed daughter, with no particular commotion in the elements. Earthquakes do not invariably follow violations of etiquette—particularly where nobody is offended.

After the first day, things took their natural

course—as near as they were able. Hassan was not very quick at conversation, always taking at least five minutes to put together for delivery a sentence of English, but his laugh did not hang fire, nor did his nods and smiles; and where ladies are voluble (as ladies sometimes are), this paucity of ammunition on the gentleman's part is no prelude to discomfiture. Then Phemie had a very fair smattering of Italian, and that being the business language of the Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever brought to a stand-still in English—a refuge, by the way, of which he seemed inclined to avail himself oftener than was consistent with Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his attention. Rebellious though Hassan might secretly have been to *this* authority over himself, Phemie was no accomplice, natural modesty combining with the long habit of subserviency to make her even anticipate the exactions of the heiress; and so Miss Picklin had “Mr. Keui” principally to herself, promenading him through the streets of Salem, and bestowing her sweetness upon him from his morning entrance to his evening exit; Phemie relieving guard very

cheerfully, while her sister dressed for dinner. It was possibly from being permitted to converse in Italian during this half hour, that Hassan made it the only part of the day in which he talked of himself and his house on the Bosphorus, but that will not account also for Phemie's sighing while she listened — never having sighed before in her life, not even while the same voice was talking English to her sister.

Without going into a description of the Picklin tea-party, at which Hassan was induced to figure in his oriental costume, while Miss Picklin sat by him on a cushion, turbaned and (probably) cross-legged, *à la Sultana*, and without recording other signs satisfactory to the Salemites, that the young Turk had fallen to the scalded heiress —

“As does the ospray to the fish, that takes it,  
By sovereignty of nature” —

I must come plump to the fact that, on the Monday following (one week after his arrival), Hassan left Salem, *unaccompanied* by Miss Picklin. As he had asked for no private interview in the best parlour, and had made his final busi-

ness arrangements with the captain, so that he could take passage from New York without returning, some people were inclined to fancy that Miss Picklin's demonstrations with regard to him had been a little premature. And "some people" chose to smile. But it was reserved for Miss Picklin to look round in church, in about one year from this event, and have her triumph over "some people;" for she was about to sail for Constantinople—"sent for," as the captain rudely expressed it. But I must explain.

The "Simple Susan" came in, heavily freighted with a consignment from the house of Keui to Picklin and Co., and a letter from the American consul at Constantinople wrapped in the invoice. With the careful and ornate wording of an official epistle, it stated that Ef-fendi Hassan Keui had called on the consul, and partly from the mistrust of his ability to express himself in English on so delicate a subject, but more particularly for the sake of approaching the object of his affections with proper deference and ceremony, he had requested that officer to prepare a document conveying a proposal of marriage to the daughter of Captain



Picklin. The incomplete state of his mercantile arrangements, while at Salem the previous year, would account for his silence on the subject at that time, but he trusted that his preference had been sufficiently manifest to the lady of his heart; and as his prosperity in business depended on his remaining at Constantinople, enriching himself only for her sake, he was sure that the singular request appended to his offer would be taken as a mark of his prudence rather than as a presumption. The cabin of the "Simple Susan," as Captain Picklin knew, was engaged on her next passage to Constantinople by a party of missionaries, male and female, and the request was to the intent that, in case of an acceptance of his offer, the fair daughter of the owner would come out, under their sufficient protection, to be wedded, if she should so please, on the day of her arrival in the "Golden Horn."

As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of "Mr. Keui's" attentions since his departure, and as a lady with twenty thousand dollars in her own right is, of course, quite independent of parental control,

the captain, after running his eye hastily through the document, called to the boy who was weighing out a quintal of codfish, and bid him wrap the letter in a brown paper and run with it to Miss Picklin—taking it for granted that she knew more about the matter than he did, and would explain it all, when he came home to dinner.

In thinking the matter over, on his way home, it occurred to old Picklin that it was worded as if he had but *one* daughter. At any rate, he was quite sure that neither of his daughters was particularly specified, either by name or age. No doubt it was all right, however. The girls understood it.

“So, it’s *you*, miss!” he said, as Miss Picklin looked round from the turban she was trying on before the glass.

“Certainly, pa! who else should it be?”

And there ended the captain’s doubts, for he never again got sight of the letter, and the turmoil of preparation for Miss Picklin’s voyage made the house any thing but a place for getting answers to impertinent questions. Phemie, whom the news had made silent and thought-

ful, let drop a hint or two that she would like to see the letter; but a mysterious air, and “La! child, you wouldn’t understand it,” was check enough for her timid curiosity, and she plied her needle upon her sister’s wedding-dress with patient submission.

The preparations for the voyage went on swimmingly. The missionaries were written to, and willingly consented to chaperon Miss Picklin over the seas, provided her union with a pagan was to be sanctified with a Christian ceremonial. Miss Picklin replied with virtuous promptitude that the cake for the wedding was already soldered up in a tin case, and that she was to be married immediately on her arrival, under an awning on the brig’s deck, and she hoped that four of the missionaries’ wives would oblige her by standing up as her bridesmaids. Many square feet of codfish were unladen from the “Simple Susan” to make room for boxes and bags, and one large case was finally shipped, the contents of which had been shopped for by ladies with families—no book of oriental travels making any allusion to the sale of such articles in Constantinople, though, in the natural course

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of things, they must be wanted as much in Turkey as in Salem.

The brig was finally cleared and lay off in the stream, and on the evening before the embarkation the missionaries arrived and were invited to a tea-party at the Picklins'. Miss Picklin had got up a little surprise for her friends with which to close the party—a “walking *tableau*,” as she termed it, in which she should suddenly make her apparition at one door, pass through the room, and go out at the other, dressed as a sultana, with a muslin kirtle and satin trousers. She disappeared accordingly half an hour before the breaking up; and, conversation rather languishing in her absence, the eldest of the missionaries rose to conclude the evening with a prayer, in the midst of which Miss Picklin passed through the room unperceived—the faces of the company being turned to the wall.

The next morning at daylight the “Simple Susan” put to sea with a fair wind, and at the usual hour for opening the store of Picklin and Co., she had dropped below the horizon. Phemie sat upon the end of the wharf and

watched her till she was out of sight, and the captain walked up and down between two puncheons of rum which stood at the distance of a quarter-deck's length from each other, and both father and daughter were silent. The captain had a confused thought or two besides the grief of parting, and Phemie had feelings quite as confused, which were not all made up of sorrow for the loss of her sister. Perhaps the reader will be at the trouble of spelling out their riddles while I try to let him down softly to the catastrophe of my story.

Without confessing to any ailment whatever, the plump Phemie paled and thinned from the day of her sister's departure. Her spirits, too, seemed to keep her flesh and colour company, and at the end of a month the captain was told by one of the good dames of Salem that he had better ask a physician what ailed her. The doctor could make nothing out of it except that she might be fretting for the loss of her sister, and he recommended a change of scene and climate. That day Captain Brown, an old mate of Isaiah's, dropped in to eat a family dinner and say good-by, as he was about sail-

ing in the new schooner *Nancy*, for the Black Sea—his wife for his only passenger. Of course he would be obliged to drop anchor at Constantinople to wait for a fair wind up the Bosphorus, and part of his errand was to offer to take letters and nicknackeries to Mrs. Keui. Old Picklin put the two things together, and over their glass of wine he proposed to Brown to take Phemie with Mrs. Brown to Constantinople, leave them both there on a visit to Mrs. Keui, till the return of the *Nancy* from the Black Sea, and then re-embark them for Salem. Phemie came into the room just as they were touching glasses on the agreement, and when the trip was proposed to her she first coloured violently, then grew pale and burst into tears; but consented to go. And, with such preparations as she could make that evening, she was quite ready at the appointed hour, and was off with the land-breeze the next morning, taking leave of nobody but her father. And this time the old man wiped his eyes very often before the departing vessel was “hull down,” and was heartily sorry he had let Phemie go without a great many presents and a great many more kisses.

\* \* \* \* \*

A fine, breezy morning at Constantinople!

Rapidly down the Bosphorus shot the caique of Hassan Keui, bearing its master from his country-house at Dolma-batchi to his warehouses at Galata. Just before the sharp prow rounded away toward the Golden Horn, the merchant motioned to the caikjis to rest upon their oars, and, standing erect in the slender craft, he strained his gaze long and with anxious earnestness toward the sea of Marmora. Not a sail was to be seen coming from the west, except a man-of-war with a crescent flag at the peak, lying off toward Scutari from Seraglio Point, and with a sigh that carried the cloud off his brow, Hassan gaily squatted once more to his cushions, and the caique sped merrily on. In and out, among the vessels at anchor, the airy bark threaded her way with the dexterous swiftness of a bird, when suddenly a cable rose beneath her, and lifted her half out of the water. A vessel newly arrived was hauling in to a close anchorage, and they had crossed her hawser as it rose to the surface. Pitched head-

long into the lap of the nearest caikji, the Turk's snowy turban fell into the water, and was carried by the eddy under the stern of the vessel rounding to, and as the caique was driven backward to regain it, the bareheaded owner sank back aghast — SIMPLE SUSAN OF SALEM staring him in the face in golden capitals.

“Oh! Mr. Keui, how *do* you do?” cried a well-remembered voice, as he raised himself to fend off by the rudder of the brig. . And there she stood, within two feet of his lips — Miss Picklin in her bridal veil, waiting below in expectant modesty, and though surprised by his peep into the cabin windows, excusing it as a natural impatience in a bridegroom coming to his bride.

The captain of the Susan, meantime, had looked over the tafferel and recognised his old passenger, and Hassan, who would have given a cargo of opium for an hour to compose himself, mounted the ladder which was thrown out to him, and stepped from the gangway into Miss Picklin's arms! She had rushed up to receive him, dressed in her muslin kirtle and



satin trousers, though, with her dramatic sense of propriety, she had intended to remain below till summoned to the bridal. The captain, of course, kept back from delicacy, but the missionaries stood in a cluster gazing on the happy meeting, and the sailors looked over their shoulders as they heaved at the windlass. As Miss Picklin afterward remarked, "it would have been a *tableau vivant* if the deck had not been so very dirty!"

Hassan wiped his eyes, for he had replaced his wet turban on his head, but what with his escape from drowning, and what with his surprise and embarrassment (for he had a difficult part to play, as the reader will presently understand), he had lost all memory of his little stock of English. Miss Picklin drew him gently by the hand to the quarter-deck, where, under an awning fringed with curtains partly drawn, stood a table with a loaf of wedding-cake upon it, and a bottle of wine and a Bible. She nodded to the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who took hold of a chair and turned it round, and placing it against his legs with the back toward him, looked steadfastly at the happy couple.

“Good morning — good night — your sister — *aspetta! per amor’ di Dio!*” cried the bewildered Hassan, giving utterance to all the English he could remember, and seizing the bride by the arm.

“These ladies are my bridemaids,” said Miss Picklin, pointing to the missionaries’ wives who stood by in their bonnets and shawls. “I dare say he expected my sister would come as my bridemaids!” she added, turning to Mr. Griffin to explain the outbreak as she understood it.

Hassan beat his hand upon his forehead, walked twice up and down the quarter-deck, looked around over the Golden Horn, as if in search of an interpreter to his feelings, and finally walked up to Miss Picklin with a look of calm resignation, and addressed to her and to the Rev. Mr. Griffin a speech of three minutes, *in Italian*. At the close of it he made a very ceremonious salaam, and offered his hand to the bride; and, as no one present understood a syllable of what he had intended to convey in his address, it was received as probably a welcome to Turkey, or perhaps a formal repetition of his offer of heart and hand. At any rate,

Miss Picklin took it to be high time to blush and take off her glove, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin then bent across the back of the chair, joined their hands and went through the ceremony, ring and all. The ladies came up, one after another, and kissed the bride, and the gentlemen shook hands with Hassan, who received their good wishes with a curious look of unhappy resignation; and after cutting the cake and permitting the bride to retire for a moment to calm her feelings and put on her bonnet, the bridegroom made rather a peremptory movement of departure, and the happy couple went off in the caique toward Dolma-batchi amid much waving of handkerchiefs from the missionaries, and hurrahs from the Salem hands of the Simple Susan.

And now, before giving the reader a translation of the speech of Hassan before the wedding, we must go back to some little events which had taken place one month previously at Constantinople.

The Nancy arrived off Seraglio Point after a very remarkable passage, having still on her quarter the north-west breeze, which had stuck

to her like a blood-hound ever since leaving the harbour of Salem. She had brought it with her to Constantinople indeed, for twenty or thirty vessels which had been long waiting a favourable wind to encounter the adverse current of the Bosphorus, were loosing sail and getting under way, and the pilot, knowing that the destination of the *Nancy* was also to the Black Sea, strongly dissuaded Captain Brown from dropping anchor in the horn, with a chance of losing the good luck, and lying, perhaps a month, wind-bound in harbour. Understanding that the captain's only object in stopping was to leave the two ladies with Keui, the opium-merchant, the pilot, who knew his residence at Dolma-batchi, made signal for a caique, and kept up the Bosphorus. Arriving opposite the little village of which Hassan's house was one of the chief ornaments, the ladies were lowered into the caique and sent ashore — expecting, of course, to be received with open arms by Mrs. Keui — and then, spreading all her canvass, the swift little schooner sped on her way to Trebisonde.

Hassan sat in the little pavilion of his house

which looked out on the Bosphorus, eating his pillau, for it was the noon of a holyday, and he had not been that morning to Galata. Recognising at once the sweet face of Phemie as the caique came near the shore, he flew to meet her, supposing that the "Simple Susan" had arrived, and that the lady of his love had chosen to come and seek him. The reader will understand, of course, that there was no "Mrs. Keui."

And now to shorten my story.

Mrs. Brown and Phemie were in Hassan's own house, with no other acquaintance or protector on that side of the world, and there was no possibility of escaping a true explanation. The mistake *was* explained, and explained to Brown's satisfaction. Phemie was the "daughter" of Captain Picklin, to whom the offer was transmitted, and as, by blessed luck, the Nancy had outsailed the Simple Susan, Providence seemed to have chosen to set right for once the traverse of true love. The English embassy was at Burgurlu, only six miles above, on the Bosphorus, and Hassan and his mother and sisters, and Mrs. Brown and Phemie, were soon

on their way thither in swift caiques, and *the* happy couple were wedded by the English chaplain. The arrival of the Simple Susan was, of course, looked for, by both Hassan and his bride, with no little dismay. She had met with contrary winds on the Atlantic, and had been caught in the Archipelago by a Levanter, and from the damage of the last she had been obliged to come to anchor off the little island of Paros and repair. This had been a job of six weeks, and meantime the Nancy had given them the go-by, and reached Constantinople.

Hassan was daily on the look-out for the brig in his trips to town; and on the morning of her arrival, his mind being put at ease for the day by his glance toward the sea of Marmora, the stumbling so suddenly and so unprepared on the object of his dread, completely bewildered and unnerved him. Through all his confusion, however, and all the awkwardness of his situation, there ran a feeling of self-condemnation, as well as pity, for Miss Picklin; and this had driven him to the catastrophe described above. He felt that he owed her some reparation; and as the religion in which he was educated did not

forbid a plurality of wives, and there was no knowing but possibly she might be inclined to "do in Turkey as Turkeys do," he felt it incumbent on himself to state the fact of his previous marriage, and then offer her the privilege of becoming Mrs. Keui No. 2., if she chose to accept. As he had no English at his command, he stated his dilemma, and made his offer in the best language he had — Italian — and with the results the reader has been made acquainted.

Of the return passage of Miss Picklin, formerly Mrs. Keui, under the charge of Captain and Mrs. Brown, in the schooner *Nancy*, I have never learned the particulars. She arrived at Salem in very good health, however, and has since been distinguished principally by her sympathy for widows — based on what, I cannot very positively say. She resides at present in Salem with her father, Captain Picklin, who is still the consignee of the house of Keui, having made one voyage out to see the children of his daughter Phemie and strengthen the mercantile connection. His old age is creeping on him, undistinguished by any thing except the little monomania of reading the letters from his

son-in-law at least a hundred times, and then wafering them up over the fire-place of his counting-room — in doubt, apparently, whether he rightly understands the contents.



## THOSE UNGRATEFUL BLIDGIMSES.

"For, look you, he hath as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, while he's in directitude." — *Coriolanus*.

"*Hermione*. Our praises are our wages."  
*Winter's Tale*.

F——, the portrait painter, was a considerable ally of mine at one time. His success in his art brought him into contact with many people, and he made friends as a fastidious lady buys shoes — trying on a great many that were destined to be thrown aside. It was the prompting, no doubt, of a generous quality — that of believing all people perfect till he discovered their faults — but as he cut loose without ceremony from those whose faults were not to his mind, and as ill-fitting people are not as patient of rejection as ill-fitting shoes, the quality did not pass for its full value, and his abusers were "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." The friends who "wore his bleeding roses,"

however (and of these he had his share), fought his battles quite at their own charge. What with plenty of pride, and as plentiful a lack of approbateness, F—— took abuse as a duck's back takes rain — buoyant in the shower as in the sunshine.

“Well, F——!” I said, as I occupied his big chair one morning while he was at work, “there was great skirmishing about you last night at the tea-party!”

“No! — really? Who was the enemy?”

“Two ladies, who said they travelled with you through Italy, and knew all about you — the Blidgimses.”

“Oh, the dear old Blidgimses — Crinny and Ninny — the ungrateful monsters! Did I ever tell you of my nursing those two old girls through the cholera?”

“No. But before you go off with a long story, tell me how you can stand such abominable backbiting? It isn't once in a way, merely! — you are their whole stock in trade, and they vilify you in every house they set foot in. The mildest part of it is criminal slander, my good fellow! Why not do the

world a service, and show that slander is actionable, though it is committed in good society ?

“Pshaw ! What does it amount to ?

“ The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,”

and in this particular instance, the jury would probably give the damages the other way — for if they hammer at me till doomsday, I have had my fun out of them — my *quid pro quo* !”

“ Well, preface your story by telling me where you met them. I never knew by what perverse thread you were drawn together.”

“ A thread that might have drawn me into much more desperate extremity — a letter from the most loveable of women, charging me to become the trusty squire of these errant damsels wherever I should encounter them. I was then studying in Italy. They came to Florence, where I chanced to be, and were handed over to me without dog, cat, or waiting-maid, by a man who seemed ominously glad to be rid of them. As it was the ruralising season, and all the world was flocking to the baths of Lucca, close by, they went there till I could get ready

to undertake them — which I did, with the devotion of a *courier* in a new place, one fig-desiring evening of June.”

“Was there a delivery of the great seal?” I asked, rather amused at F——’s circumstantial mention of his *introitus* to office.

“Something very like it, indeed. I had not fairly got the blood out of my face, after making my salaam, when Miss Crinny Blidgims fished up from some deep place she had about her a memorandum-book, with a well-thumbed brown paper cover, and, gliding across the room, placed it in my hands as people on the stage present pocket-books — with a sort of dust-flapping parabola. Now if I have any particular antipathy, it is to the smell of old flannel, and as this equivocal-looking object descended before my nose — faith! But I took it. It was the account-book of the eatables and drinkables furnished to the ladies in their travels, the prices of eggs, bread, figs, *et cetera*, and I was to begin my duties by having up the head waiter of the lodging-house, and holding inquisition on his charges. The Blidgimses spoke no Italian, and no servant in the house spoke English, and

they were bursting for a translator to tell him that the eggs were overcharged, and that he must deduct threepence a day for wine, for they never touched it!"

"What do the ladies wish?" inquired the dumbfounded waiter, in civil Tuscan.

"What does he say? what does he say?" cried Miss Corinna, in resounding nasal.

"Tell the impudent fellow what eggs are in Duchess county!" peppered out Miss Katrina, very sharply.

"Of course I translated with a discretion. There was rather an incongruity between the looks of the damsels and what they were to be represented as saying — Katrina Blidgims living altogether in a blue opera-hat with a white feather."

I interrupted F—— to say that the blue hat was immortal, for it was worn at the tea-party of the night before.

"I had enough of the blue hat and its band-box before we parted. It was the one lifetime extravagance of the old maid, perpetrated in Paris, and as it covered the back seam of a wig (a subsequent discovery of mine), she was never

without it, except when bonneted to go out. She came to breakfast in it, mended her stockings in it, went to parties in it. I fancy it took some trouble to adjust it to the wig, and she devoted to it the usual dressing-hours of morning and dinner; for in private she wore a handkerchief over it, pinned under her chin, which had only to be whipped off when company was announced, and this, perhaps, is one of the secrets of its immaculate, yet threadbare preservation. She called it her *abbo*!"

"Her what?"

"You have heard of the famous Herbault, the man-milliner of Paris? The bonnet was his production, and called after him with great propriety. In Italy, where people dress according to their condition in life, this perpetual *abbo* was something *à la princesse*, and hence my embarrassment in explaining to Jacomo, the waiter, that Signorina Katrina's high summons concerned only an overcharge of a penny in the eggs!"

"And what said Jacomo?"

"Jacomo was incapable of an incivility, and begged pardon before stating that the usual

practice of the house was to charge half a dollar a day for board and lodging, including a private parlour and bed-room, three meals, and a bottle of wine. The ladies, however, had applied through an English gentleman (who chanced to call on them, and who spoke Italian) to have reductions made on their dispensing with two dishes of meat out of three, drinking no wine, and wanting no nuts and raisins. Their main extravagance was in eggs, which they ate several times a day between meals, and wished to have cooked and served up at the price per dozen in the market. On this they had held conclave below stairs, and the result had not been communicated, because there was no common language; but Giacomo wished, through me, respectfully to represent, that the reductions from the half dollar a-day should be made as requested, but that the eggs could not be bought, cooked, and served up (with salt and bread, and a clean napkin), for *just* their price in the market. And on this point the ladies were obstinate. And to settle this difficulty between the high contracting parties, cost an argument of a couple of hours, my first

performance as translator in the service of the Blidgimses. Thenceforward, I was as necessary to Crinny and Ninny — (these were their familiar diminutives for Corinna and Katrina) — as necessary to Crinny as the gift of speech, and to Ninny as the wig and *abbo* put together. Obedient to the mandate of the fair hand which had consigned me to them, I gave myself up to their service, even keeping in my pocket their frowsy grocery-book — though not without some private outlay in burnt vinegar. What penance a man will undergo for a pretty woman who cares nothing about him !”

“But what could have started such a helpless pair of old quizzes upon their travels ?”

“I wondered myself till I knew them better. Crinny Blidgims had a tongue of the liveliness of an eel’s tail. It would have wagged after she was skinned and roasted. She had, beside, a kind of pinchbeck smartness, and these two gifts, and perhaps the name of Corinna, had inspired her with the idea that she was an *improvisatrice*. So, how could she die without going to Italy ?”

“And Ninny went for company ?”



“ Oh, Miss Ninny Blidgims had a passion too ! She had come out to see Paris. She had heard that, in Paris, people could renew their youth, and she thought she had done it with her *abbo*. She thought, too, that she must have manners to correspond. So, while travelling in her old bonnet, she blurted out her bad grammar as she had done for fifty years, but in her blue hat she simpered and frisked to the best of her recollection. Silly as that old girl was, however, she had the most pellucid set of ideas on the prices of things to eat. There was no humbugging her on that subject, even in a foreign language. She filled her pockets with apples, usually, in our walks ; and the translating between her and a street-huckster, she in her *abbo* and the apple-woman in Italian rags, was vexatious to endure, but very funny to remember. I have thought of painting it, but, to understand the picture, the spectator must make the acquaintance of Miss Fanny Blidgims — rather a pill for a connoisseur ! But by this time you are ready to *approfondir*, as the French aptly say, the depths of my subsequent distresses.

## THE STORY.

“I had been about a month at Lucca, when it was suddenly proposed by Crinny that we should take a vetturino together, and go to Venice. Ninny and she had come down to dinner with a sudden disgust for the baths—owing, perhaps, to the distinction they had received as the only strangers in the place who were *not* invited to the ball of a certain prince, our next-door neighbour. The Blidgimses and their economies, in fact, had become the joke of the season, and, as the interpreter in the egg-trades, I was mixed up in the omelette, and as glad to escape from my notoriety as they. So I set about looking up the conveyance with some alacrity.

“By the mass, it was evidently a great saving of distance to cross the mountains to Modena, and of course a great saving of expense, as vetturinos are paid by the mile; but the guide-books stated that the road was rough and the inns abominable, and recommended to all who cared for comfort to make a circum-bendibus by the way of Florence and Bologna.

Ninny declared she could live on bread and apples, however, and Crinny delighted in mountain air — in short, economy carried it; and after three days' chaffering with the owner of a rattletrap vettura, we set off up the banks of the Lima without the blessing of Giacomo, the head waiter.

“ We soon left the bright little river, and struck into the mountains, and as the carriage crept on very slowly, I relieved the horses of my weight and walked on. The ladies did the same thing whenever they came in sight of an orchard, and for the first day Ninny munched the unripe apples and seemed getting along very comfortably. The first night's lodging was execrable; but as the driver assured us it was the best on the route, we saved our tempers for the worst, and the next day began to penetrate a country that looked deserted of man, and curst with uninhabitable sterility. Its effect upon my spirits, as I walked on alone, was as depressing as the news of some trying misfortune, and I was giving it credit for one redeeming quality — that of an opiate to a tongue like Crinny Blidgims's — when both the

ladies began to show symptoms of illness. It was not long after noon, and we were in the midst of a waste upland, the road bending over the horizon before and behind us, and neither shed nor shelter, bush, wall, or tree, within reach of the eye. The only habitation we had seen since morning was a wretched hovel where the horses were fed at noon, and the albergo, where we should pass the night, was distant several hours — a long up-hill stretch, on which the pace of the horses could not possibly be mended. The ladies were bent double in the carriage, and said they could not possibly go on. Going back was out of the question. The readiest service I could proffer was to leave them and hurry on to the inn, to prepare for their reception.

“Fortunately our team was unicorn-rigged — one horse in advance of a pair. I took off the leader, and galloped away.

“Well, the cholera was still lingering in Italy, and stomachs must be cholera-proof to stand a perpetual diet of green apples, even with no epidemic in the air. So I had a very

clear idea of the remedies that would be required on their arrival.

“At a hand-gallop I reached the albergo in a couple of hours. It was a large stone barrack, intended, no doubt, as was the road we had travelled, for military uses. A thick stone wall surrounded it, and it stood in the midst, in a pool of mud. From the last eminence before arriving, not another object could be descried within a horizon of twenty miles diameter, and a whitish soil of baked clay, browned here and there by a bit of scanty herbage, was foreground and middle and background to the pleasant picture. The site of the barrack had probably been determined by the only spring within many miles, and by the dryness without and the mud within the walls, it was contrived for a monopoly by the besieged.

“I cantered in at the unhinged gate, and roared out ‘Casa!’ ‘Cameriere!’ ‘Bottega!’ till I was frightened at my own voice.

“No answer. I threw my bridle over a projection of the stone steps, and mounted, from an empty stable which occupied the ground floor (Italian fashion), to the second story,

which seemed equally uninhabited. Here were tables, however, and wooden settees, and dirty platters — the first signs of life. On the hearth was an iron pot and a pair of tongs, and with these two musical instruments I played a tune which I was sure would find ears, if ears there were on the premises. And presently a heavy foot was heard on the stair above, and with a sonorous yawn descended mine host — dirty and stolid — a goodly pattern of the ‘fat weed on Lethe’s wharf,’ as you would meet in a century. He had been taking his siesta, and his wife had had a *colpo di sole*, and was confined helplessly to her bed. *The* man John was out tending sheep, and he, the host, was vicariously cook, waiter, and chambermaid. What might be the pleasure of *il signore*?

“My *pleasure* was, first, to see the fire kindled and the pot put over, and then to fall into a brown study.

“Two fine ladies with the cholera — two days’ journey from a physician — a fat old Italian landlord for nurse and sole counsellor — nobody who could understand a word they uttered, except myself, and not a drug nor a

ministering petticoat within available limits ! Then the doors of the chambers were without latches or hinges, and the little bed in each great room was the one article of furniture, and the house was so still in the midst of that great waste, that all sounds and movements whatever must be of common cognisance ! Should I be discharging my duty to ladies under my care to leave them to this dirty old man ? Should I offer my own attendance as constant nurse, and would the service be accepted ? How, in the name of Robinson Crusoe, were these delicate damsels to be ‘done for ?’

“As a matter of economy in dominos, as well as to have something Italian to bring home, I had bought at Naples the costume of a sister of charity, and in it I had done all my masquerading for three carnivals. It was among my baggage, and it occurred to me whether I had not better take the landlord into my confidence, and bribe him to wait upon the ladies, disguised in coif and petticoat. No — for he had a mustache, and spoke nothing but Italian. Should I do it myself ?

"I paced up and down the stone floor in an agony of dilemma.

"In the course of half an hour I had made up my mind. I called to Boniface, who was watching the boiling pot, and made a clean breast to him of my impending distresses, aiding his comprehension by such eye-water as landlords require. He readily undertook the necessary lies, brought out his store of brandy, added a second bed to one of the apartments, and promised faithfully to bear my sex in mind, and treat me with the reverence due my cross and rosary. I then tore out a leaf of the grocery-book, and wrote with my pencil a note to this effect, to be delivered to the ladies on their arrival: —

“‘ DEAR MISS BLIDGIMS,

“‘ Feeling quite indisposed myself, and being firmly persuaded that we are three cases of cholera, I have taken advantage of a return calesino to hurry on to Modena for medical advice. The vehicle I take brought hither a sister of charity, who assures me she will wait on you, even in the most malignant stage of



your disease. She is collecting funds for an hospital, and will receive compensation for her services in the form of a donation to this object. I shall send you a physician by express from Modena, where it is still possible we may meet. With prayers, &c. &c.

“ ‘ Yours very devotedly, F.

“ ‘ P. S. Sister Benedetta understands French when spoken, though she speaks only Italian.’

“ The delivery of this was subject, of course, to the condition of the ladies when they should arrive, though I had a presentiment they were in for a serious business.

“ And, true to my boding, they did arrive, exceedingly ill. An hour earlier than I had looked for him, the vetturino came up with foaming horses at a tugging trot, frightened half out of his senses. The ladies were dying, he swore by all the saints, before he dismounted. He tore open the carriage door, shouted for *il signore* and the landlord, and had carried both the groaning girls up stairs in his arms, before fat Boniface, who had been killing a sheep in the stable, could wash his hands and

come out to him. To his violent indignation, the landlord's first care was to unstrap the baggage and take off my portmanteau, condescending to give him neither why nor wherefore; and as it mounted the stairs on the broad shoulders of my faithful ally, it was followed by a string of oaths such as can rattle off from nothing but the voluble tongue of an Italian.

"I immediately despatched the note by the host, requesting him to come back and 'do my dress,' and in half an hour sister Benedetta's troublesome toilet was achieved, and my old Abigail walked around me, rubbing his hands, and swore I was a '*meraviglia di bellezza*.' The lower part of my face was covered by the linen coif, and the forehead was almost completely concealed in the plain put-away of a 'false front;' and, unless the Blidgimses had reconnoitred my nose and eyes very carefully, I was sure of my disguise. The improvements in my figure were, unluckily, fixtures in the dress, for it was very hot; but by the landlord's account they were very becoming. Do you believe the old dog tried to kiss me?

"The groans of Ninny, meantime, resounded

through the house, for, as I expected, she had the worst of it. Her exclamations of pain were broken up, I could also hear, by sentences in a sort of spiteful monotone, answered in regular ‘humphs!’ by Crinny — Crinny never talking except to astonish, and being as habitually crisp to her half-witted sister as she was fluent to those who were capable of surprise. Fearing that some disapprobation of myself might find its way to Ninny’s lips, and for several other reasons which occurred to me, I thought it best to give the ladies another half hour to themselves, and by way of testing my *incognito*, bustled about in the presence of the vetturino, warming oil and mixing brandies-and-water, and getting used to the suffocation of my petticoats — for you have no idea how intolerably hot they are, with trousers under.

“ Quite assured, at last, I knocked at the door.

“ ‘ That’s his nun ! ’ said Ninny, after listening an instant.

“ ‘ Come in !—that is to say, *entrez !* ’ feebly murmured Crinny.

“ They were both in bed, rolled up like

pocket-handkerchiefs; but Ninny had found strength to bandbox her wig and *abbo*, and array herself in a nightcap with an exceedingly broad frill. But I must not trench upon the 'secrets of the prison-house.' You are a bachelor, and the Blidgimses are still in a 'world of hope.'

"I walked in and leaned over each of them, and whispered a *benedicite*, felt their pulses, and made signs that I understood their complaints, and they need not trouble themselves to explain; and forthwith I commenced operations by giving them their grog (which they swallowed without making faces, by-the-by), and, as they relaxed their postures a little, I got one foot at a time hung over to me from the side of the bed into the pail of hot water, and set them to rubbing themselves with the warm oil, while I vigorously bathed their extremities. Crinny, as I very well knew, had but five-and-twenty words of French, just sufficient to hint at her wants, and Ninny spoke only such English as Heaven pleased, so I played the ministering angel in safe silence — listening to my praises, however, for I handled Ninny's

irregular *doigts du pied* with a tenderness that pleased her.

“ Well — you know what the cholera is. I knew that at the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, women who had not been intemperate were oftenest cured by whisky punches, and as brandy toddies were the nearest approach of which the resources of the place admitted, I plied my patients with brandy toddy. In the weak state of their stomachs, it produced, of course, a delirious intoxication, and as I began very early in the morning, there were no lucid intervals in which my incognito might be endangered. My ministrations were, consequently, very much facilitated, and after the second day (when I really thought the poor girls would die), we fell into a very regular course of hospital life, and for one, I found it very entertaining. Quite impressed with the idea that sister Bellidettor<sup>d</sup> (as Ninny called me) understood not a word of English, they discoursed to please themselves, and I was obliged to get a book, to excuse, even to their tipsy comprehension, my outbreaks of laughter. Crinny spouted poetry and sobbed about Washington

Irving, who, she thought, *should* have been her lover, and Ninny sat up in bed, and, with a small glass she had in the back of a hair-brush, tried on her *abbo* at every possible angle, always ending by making signs to sister Bellidettor to come and comb her hair ! There was a long, slender mustache remaining on the back of the bald crown, and after putting this into my hand, with the hair-brush, she sat with a smile of delight till she found my brushing did not come round to the front !

“ ‘Why don’t you brush this lock?’ she cried, ‘this — and this — and this!’ making passes from her shining skull down to her waist, as if, in every one, she had a handful of hair ! And so, for an hour together, I threaded these imaginary locks, beginning where they were rooted ‘long time ago,’ and passing the brush off to the length of my arm — the cranium, when I had done, looking like a balloon of shot silk, its smooth surface was so purpled with the friction of the bristles. Poor Ninny ! She has great temptation to tipple, I think — that is, ‘if Macassar won’t bring back the lost *chevelure* !’

“About the fifth day, the ladies began to show signs of convalescence, and it became necessary to reduce their potations. Of course they grew less entertaining, and I was obliged to be much more on my guard. Crinny fell from her inspiration, and Ninny from her complacency, and they came down to their previous condition of damaged spinsters, prim and peevish. ‘Needs must’ that I should ‘play out the play,’ however, and I abated none of my *petits soins* for their comfort, laying out very large anticipations of their grateful acknowledgments for my dramatic chivalry, devotion, and delicacy!”

“Well — they *are* ungrateful!” said I, interrupting F—— for the first time in his story.

“Now, are not they? They should at least, since they deny me my honours, pay me for my services as maid-of-all-work, nurse, hair-dresser, and apothecary! Well, if I hear of their abusing me again, I’ll send in my bills. Wouldn’t you? But, to wind up this long story.

“I thought that perhaps there might be some little circumstances connected with my attentions which would look best at a distance,

and that it would be more delicate to go on and take leave at Modena as sister Benedetta, and rejoin them the next morning in hose and doublet as before — reserving to some future period the clearing up of my apparently recreant desertion. On the seventh morning, therefore, I instructed old Giuseppe, the landlord, to send in his bill to the ladies while I was dressing, and give notice to the vetturino that he was to take the holy sister to Modena in the place of *il signore*, who had gone on before.

“ Crinny and Ninny were their own reciprocal dressing-maids, but Crinny’s fingers had weakened by sickness much more than her sister’s waist had diminished; and, in the midst of shaving, in my own room, I was called to ‘finish doing’ Ninny, who backed up to me with her mouth full of pins, and the breath, for the time being, quite expelled from her body. As I was straining, very red in the face, at the critical hook, Giuseppe knocked at the door, with the bill, and the lack of an interpreter to dispute the charges, brought up the memory of the supposed ‘absquatulator’



with no very grateful odour. Before I could finish Miss Ninny and get out of the room, I heard myself charged with more abominations, mental and personal, than the monster that would have made the fortune of Trinculo. Crinny counted down half the money, and attempted, by very expressive signs, to impress upon Giuseppe that it was enough; but the oily palm of the old publican was patiently held out for more, and she at last paid the full demand, fairly crying with vexation.

“ Quite sick of the new and divers functions to which I had been serving an apprenticeship in my black petticoat, I took my place in the *vettura*, and dropped veil, to be sulky in one lump as far as Modena. I would willingly have stopped my ears, but after wearing out their indignation at the unabated charges of old Giuseppe, the ladies took up the subject of the expected donation to the charity-fund of sister Benedetta, and their expedients to get rid of it occupied (very amusingly to me) the greater part of a day’s travel. They made up their minds at last, that half a dollar would be as much as I could expect for my week’s at-

tendance ; and Crinny requested that she should not be interrupted while she thought out the French for saying as much when we should come to the parting.

“ I was sitting quietly in the corner of the *vettura*, the next day, felicitating myself on the success of my masquerade, when we suddenly came to a halt at the gate of Modena, and the *doganiere* put his mustache in at the window, with ‘ *Passaporti*, signore !’

“ Murder ! thought I — here’s a difficulty I never provided for !

“ The ladies handed out their papers, and I thrust my hand through the slit in the side of my dress and pulled mine from my pocket. As of course you know, it is the business of this gatekeeper to compare every traveller with the description given of him in his passport. He read those of the Blidgimses and looked at them — all right. I sat still while he opened mine, thinking it possible he might not care to read the description of a sister of charity. But to my dismay he did — and opened his eyes, and looked again into the carriage.

“ ‘ *Aspetta, caro !*’ said I, for I saw it was

of no use. I gathered up my bombazine and stepped out into the road. There were a dozen soldiers and two or three loungers sitting on a long bench in the shade of the gateway. The officer read through the description once more, and then turned to me with the look of a functionary who has detected a culprit. I began to pull up my petticoat. The soldiers took their pipes out of their mouths and uttered the Italian 'keck' of surprise. When I had got as far as the knee, however, I came to the rolled-up trousers, and the officer joined in the sudden uproar of laughter. I pulled my black petticoat over my head, and stood in my waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, and bowed to the merry official. The Blidgimses, to my surprise, uttered no exclamation, but I had forgotten my coif. When that was unpinned, and my whiskers came to light, their screams became alarming. The vetturino ran for water, the soldiers started to their feet, and in the midst of the excitement, I ordered down my baggage and resumed my coat and cap, and repacked under lock and key the sister Benedetta. And not quite ready to encounter the Blidgimses,

I walked on to the hotel, and left the vetturino to bring on the ladies at his leisure.

“ Of course I had no control over accidents, and this exposure was unlucky ; but if I had had time to let myself down softly on the subject, don’t you see it would have been quite a different sort of an affair ? I parted company from the old girls at Modena, however, and they were obliged to hire a man-servant who spoke English and Italian, and probably the expense of that was added to my iniquities. Anyhow, abusing me this way is very ungrateful of these Blidgimses. Now, isn’t it ? ”

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**PASSAGES**  
**FROM**  
**A CORRESPONDENCE**  
**WRITTEN AT NEW YORK.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

PASSAGES FROM A CORRESPONDENCE  
WRITTEN AT NEW YORK.

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AN advertisement of "*fifteen Indians and squaws to be seen at the American Museum in their NATIVE costume,*" drew me into this place of popular resort last evening. I found a crowd of 500 or 600 people collected in the upper story, and the performances of a small theatre going on, with the Indians sitting, in full costume, on the stage; not "*native costume,*" certainly, unless they are born in wampum and feathers. There were only nine Indians upon the stage, and several of these seemed to have bad coughs; and I was told that those who were not visible were confined to their *skins* with severe colds and fevers. I am not surprised that these hardy sons of the forest succumb under the delicacies (?) of civilisation. They all sleep in one small room in the museum building, their buffalo-skins spread around a stove—heated to an insufferable degree with anthracite coal—



and they ascend to the terrace-roof of the house to smoke their pipes, and are regaled with a daily sleigh-ride, changing their temperature continually from ninety to zero. The old chief who "has killed with his own hand one hundred Osages, three Mohawks, two Sioux, and one Pawnee," and "*No-chee*, or the Man of Fire," are the principal victims to the luxury of anthracite. I saw but one of the squaws, "*Do-hum-me*, or the Productive Pumpkin," a handsome and benign-looking woman, who was married a few days ago to *Cow-kick-ke*, son of the principal chief of the Iowas. The bride and bridegroom sat together, she leaning very affectionately upon her husband; but I observed that the "Productive Pumpkin" modestly turned her eyes away during the pirouettes of *La Petite Celeste*, a savage *niaiserie* which will, of course, wear away with civilisation. Still, I could wish that some of the "daughters of the pale faces," in this respect, at least, were more like "Productive Pumpkin." These Indians, I believe, are well authenticated as the first people of their important tribes; and the question arises whether, in becoming a shilling-show at

the museum, they have entered civilised society upon a *stratum* parallel to their own. Is “*Nos-ee*, the She-Wolf,” (a niece of Blackhawk, and, of course, an Indian princess,) on a level, as to rank, with the dancing and singing girls of a museum? But this question of comparative rank would lead a great way, and, as it stands, it makes a very pretty topic of discussion.

\* \* \* \*

You will have seen mentioned in the papers the death of the young squaw at the museum. She had been married but six weeks, and was a very beautiful creature. I saw her, a few days ago, at the Park theatre, with a circlet of jewels around her head, and thought her by far the prettiest woman in the house. She was the survivor of the two females of the party, the other squaw having died a few weeks since. The immediate cause of her death was a violent cold, taken in coming home a night or two before from a ball at the Tivoli. The omnibus in which they were returning broke down in Hudson Street, and they were obliged to walk a mile through a light snow falling at

## 200 PASSAGES FROM A CORRESPONDENCE

the time. Their thin moccasins were no protection, and four or five of the Indians were ill the next morning, the bride worst of all. She died in dreadful agony, of congestion of the blood, on the third day, spite of the best medical attendance and every care on the part of the ladies of the neighbourhood. The Indians were all standing around her, and on being told that she was dead, they tore the rings from their ears, and stood for some minutes in silence, with the blood streaming upon their cheeks. Their grief afterward became quite uncontrollable. They washed off all the paint with which they have been so gaily bedecked while here, and painted the dead bride very gaudily for burial. She was interred in the Greenwood cemetery. The most passionate affection existed between her and her husband. He is a magnificent fellow, the handsomest Indian we have ever had in the cities, and a happier marriage was never celebrated. She followed close at his heels wherever he went, and had scarce been separated from him five minutes at a time since her marriage. The poor fellow is an object of great commiseration now, for he seems

completely inconsolable. His wife was the idol of the party. They are very impatient to be away since this melancholy event, and will start westward as soon as the sick recover.

Did it ever strike you how much more French than English we are in many of the qualities, especially the superficialities and physiognomy of our national character? In dressing, dancing, congregating—in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, inflammability of excitement, elasticity of recuperation from trouble—in complexion and figure even, how very French! The remark, perhaps, is more particularly true of New York. Where in the world is there such a copy of the *sweeter* features of the *jour de l'an* at Paris, as to-day in the *bons-bons* shops of Broadway? Here, as there, ingenuity and art are taxed to their utmost to provide gay and significant presents of confectionary for children and friends, and the shops are museums of curiosities. Every body has a child or two by the hand; every body is abroad, and alive to the spirit and baby-supremacy of the hour; every body abandons his monotone of daily life, to

strike into the general diapason, a full octave higher, for Christmas. But Christmas has not these superficial features in England. This is the way they keep Christmas in France; and the French extravagance of confectionary is one of the outer indices of the original from which we copy, and points us directly to Paris.

Were the language of the three countries the same, we should seem to a traveller's eye, I am inclined to think, much more like a nation of French origin than English. Although our communication with England is much more intimate, we hardly copy any thing English except its literature and religion. Our fashions in dress, male as well as female, are principally Parisian. The style of cookery in our hotels, and at all private tables of any pretension, is French. Our houses are furnished *à la Française*; our habits of society, our balls, private concerts, and places of entertainment for the idlers about town, are all French. We have a hundred French bootmakers to one English. We have a large colony of Americans in Paris, engaged in the business of exporting French fabrics, elegancies, and conveniences for this

country, and almost none of the same class in England. In fact, if England is our mother-country, France is the foster-nurse from whom we draw the most of our nourishment, of the tasteful and ornamental order.

In the society of New York I think the predominance of Gallicism over Anglicism is still more striking. The French language is heard all over a crowded drawing-room; and with costume entirely, and furniture mainly, French, it is difficult sometimes at a party in this city not to fancy one's self on the other side of the Atlantic. Frenchmen are quite at home in New York, while no Frenchman is at home in England. And lately the fashion of *soirées*, beginning with music and ending with a dance, another Parisian usage, has followed on the heels of the *matinées* which I referred to in a previous letter. We certainly have not inherited, with our English blood, the English reluctance to copy even an excellence, if it be French; and it is a curious mark of the difference made in such matters by national antipathy, that, with a separation of only twenty miles from the French coast, the English assi-

milate not at all, even to the acknowledged superiorities of French life, while we, at a distance of three thousand miles, copy them with the readiness of a contiguous country.

There was, of course, a period when every work on the country was English; and it would be a curious chapter in a historical memoir to trace back our Gallicism to its incipient point, and give its rise and progress in detail. And, *à propos* of suggestions, which sometimes travel like the seed in the migrating bird, what an interesting book might be written (and by no man living so admirably and ably as by your correspondent, Mr. Walsh) tracing the influences that have spread from our country *eastward*; and to what degree our institutions, opinions, and discoveries have affected European countries, and paid back our debt of literature and refinement!

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A score at least of the dames in the upper part of Broadway have adopted the fashion of a *matinée*—receiving visits one morning only in the week. This is rather a usage *en prince*, but, ambitious as it seems, it is a novelty which

common sense might father if it had been disowned by fashion. In the first place, it leaves to those who thus entertain, six mornings in the week, if they please, of excusable closed doors—a very available privilege for very many important uses. In the second place, it saves much outlay of time consumed in ineffectual attempts to see people; it times your visit when the ladies are in a *dress-humour* to receive! and (last, though perhaps least important,) the class of gregarious idlers, so fast increasing in our country, are provided with a resource against *ennui*, which may profitably take the place of less innocent amusement. It may be put down as an accidental advantage, also, that ladies may dress very gaily with propriety to pass two or three hours in a reception-room, and, with this compensation, perhaps our fair country-women may be willing to forego that showiness of street costume which has been so often objected to. The most becoming toilet (which is undoubtedly that of out-doors, at least to all women past seventeen) *must have* its field of display, and this necessity has been amply proved by the fashion peculiar to our country of dressing



highly for steamboat-decks and street promenades—the only opportunities for showing the hat and its accompaniments. In England, ladies dress plainly in the street, but they dress showily for Hyde Park and the Opera. In default of a Hyde Park and an Opera, our persevering country-women have adopted the *martinée*. *Sequitur*—Broadway will be shorn of the “genteeler” rays of its splendour; ladies will heighten the style of their visiting toilets till they cannot visit without equipages, and so the *aristocracy of money* takes another long stride toward exclusiveness and empire.

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I took a stroll or two while in Boston, and was struck with the contrast of its physiognomy to that of New York. There is a look of staid respectability and thrift in every thing that strikes the eye in Boston. The drays, carts, omnibuses, and public vehicles, are well horsed and appointed, and driven by respectable-looking men. The people are all clad very warmly and very inelegantly. The face of every pedestrian in the street has a marked errand in it—gentlemen holding their nerves

to the screw till they have achieved the object of being out of doors, and ladies undergoing a "constitutional" to carry out a system. There are no individuals in Boston—they are all classes. It is a cohesive and gregarious town, and half a dozen portraits would give you the entire population. Every eye in Boston seems to move in its socket with a check—a fear of meeting something that may offend it—and all heads are carried in a posture of worthy gravity, singularly contagious. It struck me the very loaves in the bakers' windows had a look of virtuous exaction, to be eaten gravely, if at all.

New York seems to me to differ from all this, as a dish of rice, boiled to let every grain fall apart, differs from a pot of mush. Every man you meet with in our city walks with his countenance free of any sense of observation or any dread of his neighbour. He has evidently dressed to please himself, and he looks about with an eye wholly at ease. He is an integer in the throng, untroubled with any influence beyond the risks of personal accident. There is neither restraint nor curiosity in his look, and he neither expects to be noticed by the

passers-by, nor to see any thing worthy of more than half a glance in the persons he meets. The moving sights of the city have all the same integral and stand-alone character. The drays, instead of belonging to a company, are each the property of the man who drives it; the hacks and cabs are under no corporate discipline, every ragged whip doing as he likes with his own vehicle; and all the smaller trades seem followed by individual impulse, responsible to nothing but police-law. Boston has the advantage in many things, but a man who has any taste for *cosmopolitism* would very much prefer New York.

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Wednesday was a long warm summer's day, with no treachery in it to the close; and the rivulet of Croton, which ripples round the sidewalk of the park, and goes down the great throat of the drain, seemed giving the dry city to drink. The pavement of Broadway burst into flower. Birds were hung out at the windows; hyacinths were put out to breathe; and open casements and doors, lounging footsteps and cheerful voices in the street, all gave sweet

token of summer. Thursday was a fine day, too, with a little *soupgon* of east wind in its blandishments, and the evening set in with a gentle summer rain, welcome as most things are after their opposites, for the dust was a nuisance; and to-day, Friday, it rains mildly and steadily.

\* \* \* \* \*

— March made an expiring effort to give us a spring-day yesterday. The morning dawned mild and bright, and there was a voluptuous *contralto* in the cries of the milkmen and the sweeps, which satisfied me, before I was out of bed, that there was an arrival of a south wind. The Chinese proverb says, “When thou hast a day to be idle, be idle for a day;” but for that very elusive “time when,” I irresistibly substitute the day the wind sweetens after a sour north-easter. Oh, the luxury (or *curse*, as the case may be!) of breakfasting leisurely with an idle day before one!

I strolled up Broadway between nine and ten, and encountered the *morning tide down*; and if you never have studied the physiognomy of this great thoroughfare in its various fluxes

and refluxes, the differences would amuse you. The clerks and workies have passed down an hour before the nine o'clock tide, and the sidewalk is filled at this time with bankers, brokers, and speculators, bound to Wall Street; old merchants and junior partners, bound to Pearl and Water; and lawyers, young and old, bound for Nassau and Pine. Ah, the faces of care! The day's operations are working out in their eyes; their hats are pitched forward at the angle of a stage-coach with all the load on the driver's seat, their shoulders are raised with the shrug of anxiety, their steps are hurried and short, and mortal face and gait could scarcely express a heavier burden of solicitude than every man seems to bear. They nod to you without a smile, and with a kind of unconscious recognition; and, if you are unaccustomed to walk out at that hour, you might fancy that, if there were not some great public calamity, your friends, at least, had done smiling on you. Walk as far as Niblo's, stop at the greenhouse there, and breathe an hour in the delicious atmosphere of flowering plants, and then return. There is no longer any particular current in

Broadway. Foreigners coming out from the *cafés*, after their late breakfast, and idling up and down, for fresh air; country-people shopping early; ladies going to their dressmakers in close veils and demi-toilets; errand-boys, news-boys, duns, and doctors, make up the throng. Toward twelve o'clock there is a sprinkling of mechanics going to dinner—a merry, short-jacketed, independent-looking troop, glancing gaily at the women as they pass, and disappearing around corners and up alleys, and an hour later Broadway begins to brighten. The omnibuses go along empty, and at a slow pace, for people would rather walk than ride. The side-streets are tributaries of silks and velvets, flowers and feathers, to the great thoroughfare; and ladies, whose proper mates (judging by the dress alone) should be lords and princes, and dandies, shoppers, and loungers of every description, take crowded possession of the *pavé*. At nine o'clock you look into the troubled faces of men going to their business, and ask yourself “to what end is all this burden of care?” and at two you gaze on the universal prodigality of exterior,

and wonder what fills the multitude of pockets that pay for it! The faces are beautiful, the shops are thronged, the side-walks crowded for an hour, and then the full tide turns, and sets upward. The most of those who are out at three are bound to the upper part of the city to dine; and the merchants and lawyers, excited by collision and contest above the depression of care, join, smiling, in the throng. The physiognomy of the crowd is at its brightest. Dinner is the smile of the day to most people, and the hour approaches. Whatever has happened in stocks or politics, whoever is dead, whoever ruined since morning, Broadway is thronged with cheerful faces and good appetites at three! The world will probaby dine with pleasure up to the last day — perhaps breakfast with worldly care for the future on doomsday morning! And here I must break off my Daguerreo-type of yesterday's idling, for the wind came round easterly and raw at three o'clock, and I was driven in-doors to try industry as an opiate.

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Porcelain and crockery, champagne and cider, sunshine and candlelight, silver cup and tin

dipper, are not of more different quality to our apprehension, than people beautiful and people plain. We do not believe they are to have the same destiny. We believe that the plain and the beautiful are to be reproduced in their own likeness in another world, and that beauty must be paramount alike among men and angels. We believe every thing should be given to beauty that beauty wants—every thing forgiven if beauty err. We have no limit to our service of beauty—no imaginable bound to our devotion. We are secondary—subject—born thrall to beauty. And in this faith we shall die.

But beauty in America is a very differently prized commodity from beauty in England. Let us keep clear of making an essay of this, and show what we mean by parallel examples. Take two beautiful girls, of the same comparative station—Miss Smith of London, daughter of a Master in Chancery, and Miss Brown of New York, daughter of a master-carpenter:—for the former gentleman is about as far below an earl as the latter is below any aristocrat of New York, supposed or acknowledged.



Miss Brown, of the Bowery, is a lovely creature. She excites curiosity in Broadway. She hinders devotion, right and left, when she turns round in church. In the best society of New York there is not a prettier girl, and nature has made her elegant in her manners, and education has done as much for her as was at all necessary. Her father delights in her beauty, and her mother is very proud of her, and she carries her heart in her bosom to do what she pleases with it—but neither Mr. Brown, nor Mrs. Brown, nor Miss Brown, ever dream that her beauty will advance their condition in life one peg. They love her for it—she controls the family by it—she exercises influence as a belle in their own circle of acquaintance—but that is all. She lives a very gay and pleasant life, hears of balls in more fashionable parts of the town without dreaming that, for her beauty, she should be there, and continues a Bowery belle till she marries a Bowery beau. And beauty, once married, in that class of our country, is like a pair of shoes once sold—never inquired for again.

Miss Smith, of London, is a superb girl.

Her father was of dark complexion and her mother a blonde ; and jet and pearl have done their daintiest in her dark eyes and radiant skin. At twelve she is considered a beauty past accident. Her sisters, who were either "all father" or "all mother," grimy dark, or parsnip blonde, are married off to such husbands as would undertake them. But for the youngest there is a different destiny—for she is a beauty. The father wishes for advancement and a title. The mother wishes to figure in high life before she dies. And Miss Smith, young as she is, is taught the difference between a plain young lord in a cab and a handsome lawyer's clerk with a green bag. Beauty, well managed, may be made to open every door in England. Masters—the best of masters for Miss Smith! More money is spent in "finishing" her than was given to all her sisters for dowries. She is permitted to form few acquaintances of her own sex, none of the other. And when Miss Smith is sixteen, Mrs. Smith makes her first strong push at Lady Frippery, (for Mr. Smith has put Lord Frippery under obligations, which make it inevitable that the

first favour asked should be granted,) and out comes Miss Smith, chaperoned by Lady Frippery at a mixed subscription ball. It is for the benefit of the Poles, and the liberal nobility are all there; and all the beaux of St. James's Street, of course, for they like to see what novelty will turn up in such places. One hour after the ball opens, Miss Smith's beauty has been pronounced upon by half the noble eyes of London, and Lady Frippery is assailed for introductions. The beauty turns out high-bred. Lord George and Lord Frederick torment their Right Honourable mammas into calling on Mrs. Smith, and having the beauty at their next ball; and so climbs Miss Smith to a stratum of society unattainable by her father's law or her mother's wealth, or any thing in the world *but* beauty. She is carefully watched, keeps herself chary, and by-and-by chooses between Lord Frederick and Lord George, and elevates her whole family by an alliance with the peerage—for in England there is no *mésalliance* if the lady descended to be of *great beauty*, as well as virtuous, modest, and well educated.

But—as we would show by these examples—personal beauty is undervalued in America. At least, it is less valued than in England and older countries. An eminent English artist, recently returned home, expressed his surprise that he had so few beauties among his sitters. “The motive to have a miniature done,” said he, “seems, in America, to be *affection*. In England it is *pride*. Most of my sitters” (and he had a great many at a very high price) “have been old people or invalids, or persons going away; and though they wished their pictures made as good-looking as possible, their claim to good looks was no part of the reason for sitting. It was only to perpetuate that which was loved and would soon be lost.”

Pray take notice, madam, that we give no opinion as to the desirableness of the English value of beauty. Whether beauty and worldly profit should be kept separate, like church and state—whether it is desecrated by aiding the uses of ambition—whether it should be the loadstar of affection or pride—we leave with you as an open question.

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We had rather a novel turn-out of a four-in-hand yesterday in Broadway — a vehicle drawn by four elephants. There was some grandeur in the spectacle, and some drollery. These enormous specimens of the animal, most like us in intellect, and least like us in frame, are part of a menagerie; and they drew, in the wagon to which they were attached, a band of music belonging to the concern. They were, all four, *en chemise* — covered with white cotton cloths to the knees — but, Elssler-like, making great display of their legs and ivory. The ropes were fastened to their tusks, and they were urged by simple pounding on the rear — which was very like flogging the side of a hill, for they were up to the second stories of the houses. To walk round one of these animals in a tight fit of a booth is a very different thing from seeing him paraded under the suitable ceiling of the sky. I had no idea they could go over the ground so swimmingly. They glided along with the ease of scows going down with the tide, and, with their trunks playing about close to the pavement, seemed to be

walking Broadway like some other loafers —  
looking for something *green* !

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I have spent an afternoon, since I wrote to you, in the “animal kingdom” of Herr Driesbach. Four elephants together were rather an uncommon sight, to say nothing of the melodrama performed by the lion-tamer. There was another accidental feature of interest, too — the presence of one or two hundred deaf and dumb children, whose gestures and looks of astonishment quite divided my curiosity with the show. Spite of the repulsiveness of the thought, it was impossible not to reflect how much of the difference between us and some of the brute animals lies merely in the gift of speech, and how nearly some human beings, by losing this gift, would be brought to their level. I was struck with the predominating *animal*-look in the faces of the boys of the school, though there were some female children with countenances of a very delicate and intellectual cast.

I was an hour too early for the “performances,” and I climbed into the big saddle worn

by "Siam," and made a leisurely study of the four elephants and their keepers and visitors. I had not noticed before that the eyes of these huge animals were so small. Those of "Hannibal," the nearest elephant to me, resembled the eyes of Sir Walter Scott; and I thought, too, that the forehead was not unlike Sir Walter's. And, as if this was not resemblance enough, there was a copious *issue* from a bump between his forehead and his ear! (What might we not expect if elephants had "eaten paper and drunk ink?") The resemblance ceased with the legs, it is but respectful to Sir Walter to say; for Hannibal is a dandy, and wears the fashionable gaiter-trouser, with a difference—the gaiter fitted neatly to every toe! The warlike name of this elephant should be given to Siam, for the latter is the great warrior of the party, and in a fight of six hours with "Napoleon," some three months since, broke off both his tusks. He looks like a most determined brute. "Virginus" (the showman told me) killed his keeper, and made an escapade into the marshes of Carolina, not long ago; and, after an absence of six weeks, was subdued

and brought back by a former keeper, of whose discipline he had a terrific recollection. There are certainly different degrees of amiability in their countenances. I looked in vain for some of the wrinkles of age, in the one they said was much the oldest. Unlike us, their skins grow smoother with time — the enviable rascals! I noticed, by the way, that though the proboscis of each of the others was as smooth as dressed leather, that of Siam resembled, in texture, a scrubbing-brush, or the third day of a stiff beard. Why he should travel with a “hair-trunk,” and the others not, I could not get out of the showman. The expense of training and importing these animals is enormous, and they are considered worth a great deal of money. The four together consume about two hundred weight of hay and six bushels of oats *per diem*. Fortunately, they do their own land transportation, and carry their own trunks.

At four o'clock Siam knelt down, and four or five men lifted his omnibus of a saddle upon his back. The band then struck up a march, and he made the circuit of the immense tent; but the effect of an elephant in motion, with



only his legs and trunk visible (his body quite covered with the trappings), was singularly droll. It looked like an avenue taking a walk, preceded by a huge caterpillar. I could not resist laughing heartily. After one round, Siam stopped, and knelt again to receive passengers. The wooden steps were laid against his eyebrow, and thence the children stepped to the top of his head, though here and there a scrambler shortened the step by putting his foot into the ear of the patient animal. The saddle was at last loaded with twelve girls; and with this "fearful responsibility" on his back, the elephant rose and made his rounds, kneeling and renewing his load of "innocence" at every circuit.

The lion-tamer presently appeared, and astonished the crowd rather more than the elephant. A prologue was pronounced, setting forth that a slave was to be delivered up to wild beasts, &c. &c. A green cloth was spread before the cages in the *open tent*, ("parlous work," I thought, among such tender meat as two hundred children,) and out sprung suddenly a full-grown tiger, who seized the gentleman in flesh-

coloured tights by the throat. A struggle ensues, in which they roll over and over on the ground, and finally, the victim gets the upper hand, and drags out his devourer by the nape of his neck. I was inclined to think once or twice that the tiger was doing more than was set down for him in the play; but as the Newfoundland dog of the establishment looked on very quietly, I reserved my criticism.

The Herr next appeared in the long cage with all his animals—lions, tigers, leopards, &c. He pulled them about, put his hands in their mouths, and took as many liberties with his stock of peltry as if it was already made into muffs and tippets. They growled and showed their teeth, but came when they were called, and did as they were bid, very much to my astonishment. He made a bed of them, among other things—putting the tiger across the lion for a pillow, stretching himself on the lion and another tiger, and then pulling the leopard over his breast for a “comforter!” He then sat down, and played nursery. The tiger was as much as he could lift, but he seated him upright on his knees, dandled and caressed him,

and finally rocked him apparently asleep in his arms! He closed with an imitation of Fanny Ellsler's pirouette, with a tiger standing on his back. I was very glad, for one, when I saw him go out and shut the door.

A man then brought out a young anaconda, and twisted him round his neck (a devil of a *boa* it looked), and, after enveloping himself completely in other snakes, took them off again like cravats, and vanished. And so ended the show. Herr Driesbach stood at the door to bow us out, and a fine, handsome, determined-looking fellow he is.

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On the day the President arrived, the be-windowed houses of New York seemed to have none too many windows, and if all the men on the tiles had been Tyler men, the President's party might for once have been declared formidably uppermost. We know several things since Mr. Tyler's visit: how many people roofs will hold; how many heads can look out of one window; for how little ladies will wave their pocket-handkerchiefs; "what swells the soldier's warlike breast" (or, rather, what becomes of all

the cotton); how much extra horse-hair it takes to make a dragoon; how unanimous a prayer may be put up by four hundred thousand people, for the cutting of the hair of a "prince royal;" how the devils may be cast out of a barouche-and-four, commonly used to take frailty to the races, and how a chief magistrate and his suite may innocently enter in; how gaily a city may be dressed with flags, partly for the President of fifteen millions of freemen, and partly for the "fat girl" of the museum; what endurance of horses' hoofs lies in the toes of female "freemen;" and how long and far, at a "sink-a-pace," will last the smile of Mr. Tyler.

I presume the entire sanitary and locomotive population of New York turned out to the *show*, and a very fine show it was altogether. The military companies would alone have made a sight worth coming far to see, for (by the measurement on Broadway) their brilliant uniforms cover a mile and a half — an expanse of tailoring (with the exception of the trouserless Highlanders) that should make politicians deal

kindly with "cross-legs." I remarked, by the way, that, though all the officers of the companies are not fat men, all the fat men among them are officers — a tribute to *avoirdufois* which should delight the ghost of Sir John Falstaff, spite of his "give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones." I saw one of the plethoric captains rubbing the calf of his leg, after his march of five or six miles over the round stones, and I presume he might have said to the "prince royal," as Sir John did at Gadshill, "S'blood! I'll not bear mine own flesh as far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer."

Some English friends who were with me expressed continual wonder at the total absence of raggedness or poverty in the dress of the populace. We can hardly realise how striking is this feature of our country to the eye of a European. They were a good deal amused, too, with the republican license given to a fellow on horseback, either drunk or saucy, who chose to ride in the staff of one of the generals with his coat off, and with the good nature and forbearance manifested by the crowd in their

occasional resistings of the encroachments of mounted constables.

I was told that not only the President, but his friends and *suite*, were exceedingly surprised at the reception given him. It was certainly, in every way, calculated to show the honour paid by the people to the office of the chief magistrate; and Mr. Tyler cannot but feel, that while hedged in with the dignity of his office, he is an object of interest and attention with which mere politics could have but little to do.

The President having got through with the weather of New York, it was at liberty to rain next day, and it rained. The clouds parenthesised his visit, laying the dust the night before he arrived, and holding up till the night after his departure. I presume it did not rain in Boston next morning — King Lucky having occasion for a dry day. I have heard of but one partial exception to the accurate culmination of the Tyler star. The officer in command on the Battery, finding that he could not see through the walls of Castle Garden, requested to have a flag raised, or some other sign given,

to make the movement for the salute, when the President should land. "Oh!" said the marshal, "you needn't bother about that. You'll know by the cheers." The cheers not being audible, however, the artillery rather "hung fire," letting off their congratulatory welcome as the President landed — from the high flight of his oration. He had been landed from the steamboat some time before! Perhaps the congratulation was well timed, and so, very likely, his star (which must be a *planet*) intended to *plan it*. A man should be felicitated when he touches *terra firma* once more, after most public speeches.

There seems to be a finger pointing the way, even in the picking of flowers by the way-side, for his happy "Accidency." Some pleasurable surprise has been expressed at the careful zeal with which the President kissed the ladies twice round on several occasions, where a limited number had been introduced to him. I was at a loss to know how a man, bred in a state distinguished for the deferential proprieties, should have jumped, ready armed, to such an act of popularity, when a visit to the presidential par-

lour at Howard's explained the "starry influence." A French painting, with figures of the size of life, representing Don Juan giving Haidee a most realising kiss, had been introduced into the apartment by the sumptuary committee! There it stood, a silent indication to thought during his hours of revery, and as the mystic intimation occupied, frame and all, one entire wall of the room, the lesson was inevitable. *Sequitur* — the above-mentioned liberal dispensation of kisses.

I am told that a game of chess is child's play to the diplomacy at work, during the President's visit, for the control of his movements. Office-seekers and office-holders, "authorities," private friends, Spartans, repealers, whigs, and locofocos, tugged at his ear and button continually. I trust, if he is fond of contrast, that his ex-excellency will try a second first impression of New York a year or two hence.

The President's departure was most felicitous as to weather — the loveliness of the sunset, and the beauty of the bay, making up for him the finest of back-ground effects. Some hundreds of people were on the Battery, and the



steam-boat wharf was crowded with spectators. As the boat started, the crews of the men-of-war ran up the rigging like disturbed ants, and saluted her as she passed with three cheers. He went out of the harbour with relays of "Hail, Columbia," the band on board the boat beginning with it, and the two ships taking it up as he went along. So Columbia is decidedly hailed — if it will do it any good.

I saw an amusing resurrection of a horse yesterday. One of the military companies were marching gaily down the street on their way to embark for Boston, when a blind horse in a swill-cart, whose calamity was forgotten for the instant by his occupied master, walked deliberately into one of the Croton excavations. The harness was just strong enough to break his fall, the cart was left above ground, and he stood on the bottom, as comfortably out of the way as "truth in a well." The driver was a man for an emergency, and, indeed, acted so much as if it was "part of the play," that a Chinese traveller would probably have recorded it as a melo-dramatic accompaniment to the show. He took off his coat very quietly, picked

up one of the shovels of the absent workmen, and commenced filling up the ditch. The loose dirt went in very fast, and the horse, with an instinct against being buried alive, rose with the surface. From being some inches below the pavement, his head was getting above ground when I left him; and as the old man was still piling on very industriously, I presume he soon had him once more at the level of cock-crowing.

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The extreme heats of the last week or two have depopulated country-seats, and driven thousands from the open glare and thin roofs of rural resorts, to the shady side-walks and stone walls of the more temperate city. The dim and cool vestibules of the large hotels are thronged with these driven-in strangers; and in the refreshing atmosphere of the manifold iced drinks and their varied odours of mint and pine-apple, they bless Heaven for the cooling luxuries of cities, pitying all those whose destiny or poverty confines them to the unmitigated country. Enjoying, as we do, the blessings of metropolitan protection in July, we feel called

upon to express our deep sympathy with those unfortunate beings, who, in places of public resort, or in private cottages, are fulfilling their sad destiny of sultry exposure. The once porous hill-sides, and valleys, baked by the sun to the induration of a paved street, lack the delicious sprinklings of Croton water-pipes. The warm milestones, few and far between, do but remind the scorched passer-by of the gushing hydrants of Broadway. The tepid spruce-beer and chalky soda-water of the country inns only deepen the agony of absence from "juleps" and "cobblers." What would not these poor sufferers give for a brick block between them and the sun! How would they not bless Heaven for the sight of the cold sweat on a wall of unheated and impermeable granite! What celestial bliss would it not be, to see, on a country road, at every few yards' distance, black boys, unpaid and unthanked, directing, like benign angels, streams of the pellucid element across their sultry way! Ah! the luxury, in the summer heats, of city walls and city refrigerations!

It has been unreflectingly thought that there

were two classes of human beings overworked and uncared for. It has been said that there was no Providence for housemaids and editors. The predecessors of these laborious animals, it was supposed, had, in some previous metempsychosis, committed sins which doomed their posterity to perpetual toil. It is true, theirs is a destiny of crash, in a world, for others, of comparative diaper and dimity. But, mark the alleviations! The first of July comes round, and Heaven inflicts upon the task-masters and mistresses of these oppressed maids a locomotive insanity. With toil and sweat they pack up their voluminous traps, and embarking in a seething boat they depart, panting and red-faced, on their demented travels. They go from place to place, packing and unpacking, fretting and sweating from day to day, and arriving at last at the grand fool-dom of Saratoga, they take up their lodging for a month in chambers of pill-box dimensions, pitiably persuaded that the smell of pine partitions, and the pitchy closeness of shingled roofs reeking in the sun, are the fragrance of the fields, and a blessed relief from the close air of the city!

So, for weeks, they absent themselves, deluded. The housemaid, meantime, has possession of the cool and spacious dwellings deserted for her use. The dragged muscles relax over her collar-bone and shoulders, for she has now no water to carry up stairs and down. She recovers the elasticity in the small of her back, and the natural distribution of red and white in her flushed and overheated complexion. The well-contrived blinds, closed in the freshness of the morning hours, keep the house cool and dim for her noontide repose. The spacious drawing-rooms are hers, in which to wander at will, barefoot if she likes, on the luxurious carpets. The bath rooms are near her bed, and the ice-man comes daily to the door, and unless she choose to step out upon the side-walk at noon, she scarce need know it is summer. Ah, the still coolness of thick brick walls and ample rooms within! Her worn-out frame recovers its powers, and in the goodness of her heart she can afford to send pitying thoughts after the exiled and infatuated sufferers at Saratoga!

Negatively blessed is her fellow-sufferer, the editor, meantime—liable as he is to this same

locomotive lunacy, and kept within reach of enjoyable and health-preserving luxuries by the un-let-up-able nature of his vocation. Nor this alone. He has his minor reliefs. Omni-acquainted as he necessarily is, and mostly with the unhappy class self-exiled to the inclement country, his weary arm now lies supine in delicious indolence at his side. The habitual five hundred visits, *per diem*, of his right hand to the rim of his hat, are no more exacted. The two hundred and fifty suggestions, *per diem*, as to the conduct of his paper, the course of his politics, and his private morals, are no longer to be thankfully received. The city is full, but full of strangers, charmingly unconscious of his extreme need of counsel. He walks to and fro at ease, looking blandly at the hydrants, blandly at the strange faces, blandly at the deliciously unfamiliar contents of the omnibuses. He dwells in a crowd, in heavenly solitude. He is like a magnetized finger on the body of a man with a toothache — apart from the common pulse, sequestered from the common pain — yet in his habitual place, and subject to no separation. He has no engagements to meet gen-

tlements or committees, for the better manufacture of public opinion. He can shilling it to Staten Island for sea air, or sixpence it to Harlem for an evening sight of the blood-warm grass, in blessed silence! And so fly the summer months, like three leaves of the book of paradise turned back by chance; and, refreshed with new courage, the doomed editor renews, in September, the multitudinous extras of his vocation. Oh, kindly Providence, even for housemaids and editors!

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“ Things lost in air ” are not always unproductive, Signora Castellan having received, last night, about two thousand dollars for singing four songs. Signor Giampietro, her husband, may well say that “ a sweet voice is a most excellent thing in woman.” I made one of the twenty-five hundred who composed the audience of this successful *cantatrice* last evening, and having missed her introductory concert, this was the first time I had seen her. I should take Madame Castellan to be about twenty-three. She is a plump little Jewess, with an advantage not common to plumpitude—a very uppish and thorough-bred neck, charmingly set

on. A portrait of her dimpled shoulders and the back of her head would be a fit subject for Titian. Her countenance expresses an indolent sweetness, with none of the wide-awakity so common to her tribe—and, indeed, the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz occurred to me in looking at her:—

“ Her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep.”

A most amiable person I am sure she is—but, unless I am much mistaken, there is none of Malibran's intellectual volcano in the “crayther,” and the molten lava is what is wanting to make her equal or comparable to that wonderful woman. I certainly do not think we have heard a voice in this country, not even Malibran's, of more astonishing compass than Madame Castellan's. There is not a chamber in her throat where a cobweb could remain unswept for a moment. Her *contralto* notes are far beyond the plummet of ordinary “soundings,” and as rich and effortless as the gurgle of a ringdove, while her soprano tones go up with the buoyancy of a lark, and raise on tiptoe all the audience who are not fortunate



enough to obtain seats. Still, in ascending and descending on this angel's ladder, she misses a round now and then. There are transitions which *catch*, somehow. She wants *fusion*. In her trills more particularly, the balance is one-sided, and there is a nerve in the listener's *besoin* which is not reached by the warble. Give her more practice, however, more passionateness or brandy and water, and she would melt over these trifling flaws, without a doubt. So near perfection as she is, it seems almost impertinent to criticise her.

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There seems to me a poor economy of the animal spirits in the mode of life of the New-Yorkers. Let me take a single example, for the convenience of my over-worked adjectives and pronouns.

Mr. Splitfig, the eminent wholesale grocer, is at the age of virtue — thirty-five. He rises in the morning at half-past seven, makes so much of his toilet as appears above the table-cloth, and makes his breakfast of the morning paper, a nibble at a roll, and coffee at discretion. He is too newly up to eat — too recently ar-

rived from the spiritual land of dreams, as my adorable friend Lyra would express it. He is grave and quiet. The sobriety of a fifteen hours' fast is upon him — for he has not eaten meat since yesterday at three. Refreshed by sleep, however, and cheerful after his coffee, he draws on his walking seldom-alluded-to, and goes out to be gone till dinner. At eleven, or thereabout, his spirits begin to flag. He would rather not see a friend, except on business, for he hates the trouble of talking. Debts and peccadilloes lie at the bottom of the stomach, and his heart drops down to them for want of a betweenity of beef-steak. He begins to be faintish, but he is principled against lunching or drinking before dinner, and by one o'clock his animal spirits have sunk into his boots, and from that time till three, he is a dispirited fag, going through with his habitual routine of business, but, of a civil word or a smile, as incapable as Caliban. It is while the chambers of his head are thus unlighted and untenanted, however, that the most of his friends and acquaintances see him and judge of his capacity for entertainment. He speaks to fifty people in

the course of those two exhausted hours, and speaks sullenly and coldly, and, of these fifty, not one considers that

“ The very road into his kindness ”

lies over a floating bridge of comestibles which has sunk with an unnatural ebbtide. What says Menenius, the rough and wise? —

“ He had not dined :

The veins unfill'd, the blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning ; are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts.”

But, at three, Mr. Splitfig dines — and as he gives them something to stand on, his spirits jump up and look out of his eyes. His tongue feels the moisture at its root, and grows flowery, and the one man who sits opposite to the unctuous grocer at table thinks him the best of fellows.

Splitfig keeps a trotter, and, after dinner, happy and agreeable, he jumps into his wagon, and distributes along the milestones and hedges of the Bloomingdale road smiles and good-natured glances, that were much more wisely

got up four hours earlier in the day, and sown among his friends for a crop of popularity. To change the similitude, Splitfig makes his day's voyage with a cold boiler, and gets up the steam on arriving at the wharf!

Not so Monsieur Toutavous, the French importer. Toutavous takes a cup of coffee at waking, and on the strength of it dresses, reads the papers, and writes the two or three business-letters which require the coolest head. He keeps for his own society exclusively the melancholy hour or two of every day, during which "the stomach is apprehensive that the throat is cut" — the communication is so interrupted. Yet as these unsmiling hours are excellent for thought and calculation, he so shapes his business that he can pass them, alone, without inconvenience. He has taken his coffee, observe, but he has not breakfasted. At eleven he goes to Delmonico's on his way to the "shop." A beefsteak and a pint of claret dress his countenance in smiles, and invigorate his fingers for the friendly clasp exacted by courtesy. He gets to his counting-house a little before twelve, enters upon the hard work of

the day with a system alert and lively, and impresses everybody whom he sees with the idea that he is born to good fortune, and has the look of it, and is a good fellow, with no distrust of his credit nor of himself. Sensible of Toutavous — is it not?

Pity, we say again, that the personal, physical economies are so little regarded among us. The ladies lack also a little “fernseed in their ears,” but we would not put them off with the tail of a paragraph. We have for them a chapter in lavender; not of our own devising altogether! A superb female Machiavel whom we once knew, who came always to a ball at three in the morning, fresh as a rosebud after a night’s sleep, entrancing you with her dewy coolness when everybody else was hot and weary — she, capable of this brilliant absurdity, once discoursed to us on the economies of heart-breaking. We will show you the trick some day. Meantime, salaam!

“As much good stay with thee as go with me!”

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I went over yesterday to see the great match between saddle and wheels — the Oneida Chief,

a pacer in harness, against Lady Suffolk and Beppo, two trotters under jockeys in stirrups. It was rather a new mode of racing — new to me, at least, — and I expected a great crowd, but the spectators were in scores instead of thousands. On the way, and in the stand, I was amused with the physiognomy and phraseology of the persons drawn from the city by the sporting nucleus. There was a sprinkling of nobodies, like myself, of course, and some strangers from the hotels; but the remainder had a peculiarity which marked them as a class, and at which I can only fling a conjecture in the way of a definition. Every sense and faculty about them seemed abandoned to jollity, except the eye. The eye looked cool and unsympathetic. In the heartiest laugh the lids did not relax. The sharp scrutinizing wrinkle and the brow pressed down, remained immovable while the sides were shaking. I am not sure that the whole expression lay in this; but there *was* an expression, very decided, about them of a reservation from fun *somewhere*, and with all their frolic and nonsense, they looked as cool and ready as a slate and pencil. Sharp

boys, I should take them to be, seen singly anywhere.

The horses were breathed a little before the race, and as they went to and fro before the stand, I had a fair look at them. Lady Suffolk has all the showiness of the trio, and she looks more like a narrow escape of beauty than beauty itself. She is a large dappled grey mare, with a tail fit for a pacha's standard, legs not particularly blood-like, stiff walking gait, and falls off behind, and slopes under the hamstrings like a corn-crib built to shed rain. Cover her head up (which looks knowing enough for a Wall street broker's), and she would not sell, standing still at a country market, for a hundred dollars. A little study of her structure, however, shows you that she is made for something or other very extraordinary, and when she starts from you with a rider on her back, she goes off like something entirely different from any velocity of leg that you are acquainted with. The speed of two passing steamers going at twenty miles an hour — you on one and a horse on the deck of the other — would give you the same sensation of unnatural go-away-ness. Seen coming

from a little distance, she rocks like a pendulum swinging from the rider's head, and when she goes by at full speed, a more pokerish, awkward, and supernatural gait could scarce be got out of a cross between a steam-paddle and an ostrich. Every time her haunches draw up, she shoots ahead as if she was hit behind with an invisible beetle. Nothing in the way of legs seems to explain it.

The Oneida Chief is not half so fine an animal to look at as his driver, Hiram Woodruff, the great whip of the turf. He is as fine a specimen of the open-air man, born for a field open to all comers, as I have met with in my life. He has a fine frank countenance, a step like a leopard, a bold eye, and a most compact, symmetrical, and elastic frame, fit for a gladiator. In his sulky, he looked as all riders in those ugly contrivances do, like an animal with an axletree through him, and wheels to his hips, but he drove so beautifully as to abate the usual ridicule of the vehicle. The Oneida Chief is a sorrel, and a wonderful pacer, but, as he was beaten, I will say no more about him.

Beppo, the second best horse, is the most



comical little animal I have ever seen. His colour is like a shabby brown plush, and he looks, at a first glance, as if he might have been a cab-horse, or a baker's horse, or in some other much-abused line, but retaining, withal, a sort of cocked-pistol expression of eye and limb, and a most catgut extension of muscle. His loins are like a greyhound, and every hair on him seems laid in the most economical way to *go*, and when he does go there is no outlay for any other purpose. A more mere piece of straight-forward work than Beppo's action I could never imagine. Whatever balk there was in starting, he was just at the mark, and he neither broke nor bothered, but did it all in round honest trotting, coming up on the last quarter stretch like a whipped-up arrow. As he only lost the first heat by a head, he of course did his mile, as Lady Suffolk did, in two minutes twenty-six seconds — the fastest trotting on record.

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As a metropolis of wealth and fashion, New York has one great deficiency — that of a *driving park*. Rome has its Pincian Hill, Florence its Cascine, Paris its Bois de Boulogne,

and London its Hyde Park; and most other capitals have places of resort on wheels, where fresh air and congenial society may be met in the afternoon hours. Such a place is only *not* considered indispensable in New York, because it has never been enjoyed. It is, for the rich, the highest of luxuries. The Cascine of Florence, for example, is a park of two miles square, laid out in wooded avenues; and to its winding roads and forest glades resort, every afternoon, the entire equipaged population of the court and city. At sunset, the carriages meet in an open square in the centre, and the "lords and ladies" pass the two hours of the delicious twilight in visiting from vehicle to vehicle, forming parties for the evening, flirting, making acquaintances, talking scandal, and other dainty diversions — breaking up in time to go to the opera or dress for a ball. There is enough room for such a park in the neighbourhood of Union Square, or on the East or North River; and the importance of such spaces, left open for lungs to a crowded city, has been long inculcated by physicians. I think it possible such an exclusive resort might be at first a little unpopular (re-

membering that some three years ago a millionaire was stoned for riding through Broadway with a mounted servant in livery behind him), but, as one of the hand-to-mouth class, I do not care how soon the rich get richer and the poor poorer — leaving a comfortable middle class, in which ambition might stop to breathe.

I notice the introduction of the Italian verandah curtains to New York — the sort of striped demi-umbrella, put out from the top of the window with falling side folds, which are so common in Venice and Naples. Two or three shops in Broadway have them, and Cozzens has lately fitted them on to the windows of his ladies' dining-room — and most showy and picturesque luxuries they are.

Howard has chosen, for the decoy of his hotel, an intermittent relay of governors. The immense flag which sweeps the top of the omnibuses in Broadway on the arrival of such functionaries, seems to have no sinecure of it, and his house is, in consequence, continually overrun. He keeps a table suitable to a court hotel, and seems to be the only one of his class who is independent of "travelling seasons."

I observe that the paviers are at work in the upper part of Broadway, removing the wooden pavement, and substituting the broad flat stones, such as are laid in the streets of Florence. The wooden blocks were certainly in a deplorable condition, but I do not think they have had fair play as an experiment. They were badly laid, and were left to annoy the public long after they should have been repaired.

A periodical journal in Boston gives the name and true history of Tom Thumb, the dwarf now at the Museum. He was christened Charles Stratton. His parents were of the usual size, and he has two sisters of the usual proportions. General Thumb has not grown since he was six months old, and he is now eleven, and twenty-two inches tall. He is perfectly formed, very athletic for his size, and in perfect health and spirits. In *mind* he remains childish and unchanged as in body.

You may have noticed in the New York papers lately, a great abundance of essays upon bathing. Since the Croton facilities, public attention has been turned a good deal that way, and the prices of baths have been universally

diminished, while new bathing establishments have been advertised in various parts of the city. The new one lately opened by Stoppani in Broadway, near the Apollo rooms, exceeds in splendour anything we have yet seen in this line. A sumptuous refectory is part of it; and the long arched passages of bathing-rooms remind one of the Roman establishments in the way of baths. These were, anciently, the centres around which luxuries of every description were clustered; and Stoppani seems to have built this with a view to sumptuous idling and enjoyment.

\* \* \* \* \*

I understand it has lately occurred to some gentlemen with open eyes, that anchorage is cheaper than ground-rent — that a ship-of-war is but a spacious hotel upside down, and that the most desirable site for a summer residence, as to pure air, neighbourhood, novelty, and economy, is now occupied by the “Independence” and “North Carolina,” the men-of-war just off the battery. The latter ship being unseaworthy, it is proposed to purchase her of the government for the experiment. It is estimated

that she can accommodate comfortably three hundred persons. The immense upper-deck is to be covered with a weather-proof awning, blue and white, in the style of the Alhambra, and given up entirely to dining, dancing, lounging, and the other uses of hotel drawing-rooms. A more magnificent promenade than this immense deck, cleared of guns and lumber fore-and-aft, and surrounded entirely by luxurious sofas, could scarcely be imagined. The kitchens and offices are to occupy the forward part of the second deck, or if the vessel is crowded, to be transferred to a small tender alongside. The port holes are to be enlarged to spacious windows, and the two decks below, which are above the water line, will be entirely occupied by splendid rooms, open to the entire breadth of the bay, and furnished in the oriental and cushioned style, suitable to the luxurious wants of hot weather. Minute barges will ply to and from the shore, connected with the Waverley line of omnibuses; bath-houses will be anchored just astern; a *café* and ice-cream shop will be established in the main and mizen-tops (to be reached by a covered staircase); and sofas, for

the accommodation of smokers, will be put under a pent-house roof, outside the vessel, in the main-chains. The cockpit and hold will of course unite the uses of an hotel garret and cellar. It will have the advantage of other hotels, in swinging round with the tide, so that the lodgers on both sides of the ship will see, by turns, from the windows, the entire panorama of the bay. When lightened of her guns, and her upper spars and rigging, it is thought she will float so much higher as to bear piercing for another line of port-hole windows, affording some bachelors' rooms at the water-line, corresponding in price and convenience with the sky-chambers of the Astor. An eccentric individual, I am told, has bargained for a private parlour, to be suspended under the bowsprit, in imitation of the nest of the hanging-bird. Altogether, the scheme seems charming and feasible. The name of the hotel, by the way, is to be "Saratoga Afloat;" the waiters are to be dressed in the becoming toggery of tars; and the keeper of the house is to wear a folded napkin, epaulet fashion, on either shoulder, and to be called invariably "commodore."

I think it is some thirty miles from Albany to Saratoga, and we did it, by railroad, at the respectable leisure of five hours — rather more time than it took formerly on wheels. True, we did not “devour the way” as we used to do, and it was a comfort to arrive without a lining of dust in one’s mouth, but I missed the blowing of the horn, the chirrup and crack of the whip, with which we used to dash through the sandy hollow of Congress Spring and pull up at Congress Hall, and I missed the group in the portico, and the greetings and the green vines, and I missed — alas, for *all the misses* of the past! The cars stop in the rear of the “United States,” and the outstretched arms of the new caravansary, in the shape of two yellow wings extending to the dépôt, embrace you as you come to the ground. My friends were all there, and Congress Hall was down hill, in fact and in figure of speech, and casting poetry and the past behind me, I rattled to the rising sun and took lodgings with the Marvins. The ex-president was there, with the thirty or forty pounds of flesh that would not be recognised by the presidential chair, and from five to six



hundred of his former subjects sat down with him to dine. Mr. Van Buren has stuck to the "United States," till fashion has gone over to him, for he frequented the house when the belles were on the other side of the street. Whether in the dance of politics, the democracy "*chassez across*," and leave him on the fashionable side, remains to be seen.

I had not been at "The Springs" for some years, and between the changes in the place and the changes in myself, I was, for awhile (as the French charmingly express it), *désorienté*. In the times that were, a gentleman, on arriving at Saratoga, made his submission to one or two ladies in whom was vested the gynocracy of the season — the mother of a belle, or an ex-belle well preserved, or some marvellous old maid, witty and kindly. Through this door, and this only, could the society of the place be reached, and to this authority the last appeal was made in all cases of doubt and difficulty. The beaux and belles conformed and submitted, exchanged hearts and promised hands, and drove and danced, fished and picknicked, in obedience to this administration. — Coventry the dreadful

alternative. There were fashionable old-bachelor beaux in those days who were the masters of ceremony, and there were belles upon whom, individually, was concentrated the beauty now distributed in small parcels over the female population of a state. Every girl is tolerably pretty now. Everybody is, to the extent of his natural capacity, a beau. There is no authority higher than every young lady's mamma. Sent to Coventry by one party, you may stay "at court" with another. Flirts are let flirt without snaffle or martingal. Fortunes are guarded only by the parental dragon. Nabobs and aristocrats are received upon their natural advantages without *prestige* or favour, and everybody knows everybody, particularly if not from the same city. Having been happiest myself under the old *régime*, this agrarian anarchy somewhat offended me, and the more perhaps, that among the company at the "United States," naturally secluding herself somewhat from the crowd, is one of the concentrations of the beauty of ten years ago—a most magnificent woman whom that lustrum

of time has passed over as lightly as a night's sleep.

Still, there is beauty at Saratoga — enough, indeed, for all purposes of dreaming or waking. The ball at the “United States” on Friday evening was exceedingly brilliant, and at the concert of Castellan on Saturday, when the more serious beauties of Union Hall were added to the assembly, the large saloon was thought to be very thickly spangled with loveliness. At this last-named hotel, by the way, they have introduced family prayers at nine o'clock, and at another less-frequented house they give tea with the dinner — little differences which seem to classify the patronage very effectively. This is the great season of Saratoga, more persons being now at its different hotels than were ever recorded in any previous season.

Those who linger longest at Saratoga are the families of resident New-Yorkers, their return to town being the return to the solitude of a house to themselves. For “mineral waters” read “society in large doses;” and the real object of attraction is as easily found at the

“Astor” or the “American” as at Saratoga. The sea air of Rockaway may stand for a tenth of its attractions, and the other nine parts lie in the necessity of some excusable resort in the neighbourhood of the city, which shall supply to the New-Yorkers what the hotels (as a sequel to the Springs) are to travelling strangers. From about the twentieth of this month to the first cool weather, Rockaway will be thronged with excellent society, mostly from this city; and there is a nucleus of half a dozen of the most delightful women in any country, summering there regularly; three admirably lively and accomplished ladies of one family the leading constellation. It is a part of the commonplacery of fashionable chat to fret at the crowd, and wish for more suitable privacy; but it is amusing to observe what a difference of opinion there seems to be between the feet and tongue of the fair exclusive. The belle at Saratoga rises at six and walks to Congress Spring. The ostensible object is to drink the waters, which she might have in quite as salutary a state by ringing the bell of her apartment. The

platform around the spring is crowded with fashionables ; and elbowed and stared at rather freely, and complaining of both very feelingly, she remains in the crowd till breakfast — solitary walks of the most shaded coolness though there be, hard by, and accessible. She breakfasts with five hundred persons, and from the table comes to the drawing-room, where she promenades, and is elbowed as before, till eleven. At that hour she goes with a party to the bowling-alleys, where she amuses herself till the dressing-bell for dinner. And after dinner she mingles in the full-dress crowd once more till tea-time (with perhaps the parenthesis of a drive with a party to the lake), and from tea-time till midnight she is in the same crowd, and goes to bed late to get up again early, and so, burning her candle at both ends, finds Saratoga enchanting. But it is not the less “dreadfully crowded,” and “horridly mixed.”

The music at Saratoga was one of its pleasures to me. The band plays at the spring from six to eight in the morning, and the morning hours (anacreontics to the contrary

notwithstanding) are the part of the day when the senses are most acutely sensitive to pleasure. If I am to see a fine picture with the clearest eye, or read a page of poetry with the subtlest appreciation, or listen to the sweet divisions of music with the nicest and most interpreting ear, or hear a deep-found thought of love, friendship, or philosophy, give it me in the early morning of midsummer. The perturbed blood flows evenly, and the perceptions have settled over-night like a roiled well; and (if in temperate health) the heart is softer and more susceptible. To express a plain fact, poetically — the marble lid is lifted from the fountain of tears at that hour, and though the waters do not “well forth,” they are open to the dropping in of those pearls of attendant angels — love, beauty, and music. Yet, “before breakfast” is said commonly to be the *prose* of the day.

One hour of music after dinner is made tributary to the smokers. The ladies and the tobacco *eschewers* are out of its reach in the drawing-room, but the papas and the inveterates bring their chairs out to the grassy

area of the "United States," and smoke under the shade, listening to the German band contentedly and contemplatively. And that is a very pleasant hour; and taken advantage of by those who, like myself, find comfort in the ellipses of conversation.

As to living at Saratoga, no reasonable person would expect a comfortable dinner, sitting down with five or six hundred persons. The meats get cold in the spreading. But, to those who are drinking the waters, any check upon the appetite is not unsalutary, and, for the *gourmet*, the Lake House, and one or two other resorts in the neighbourhood, offer game and fish dinners in compensatory perfection. I went over to Barhydt's dark lake, the scene of the loves of the lustrum gone by, and found it looking neglected and forsaken. The old Dutchman is dead, and his quiet successors look out with repelling surprise upon the gay and intruding visitors. It has ceased to be frequented.

# Posthumous Papers

or

CINNA BEVERLEY, ESQ.

A GOOD fellow is gone in my late friend Beverley. The world would scarcely have ticketed him as a “good man,” it is true; but he had virtues, as he had talents, which he continually covered with a sort of mocking denial. I think pride, of unusual sensitiveness, was at the bottom of it. He could not bear the world’s reluctance to acknowledge talent and virtue, and therefore disdained to lay claim to, or even seem to be a claimant for, either. Proof of his virtues I could hardly put on paper. My word must be taken for many evidences which came to my knowledge. But of his talents — or rather of the promise of what he might have done had he fairly devoted himself to literature — the reader shall have the oppor-



tunity of judging. He left his portfolio with its varied contents to me, to publish from it at my discretion. Here is a bit of his poetry, addressed to a very lovely "saint," who thought she saw, under his mocking exterior, something worth counselling and praying for : —

TO HER WHO HAS HOPES OF ME.

O STERN, yet lovely monitress !  
Thine eye should be of colder hue,  
And on thy neck a paler tress  
Should play upon those veins of blue !  
For thou art to thy mission true—  
An angel clad in human guise—  
But sinners sometimes have such eyes,  
And braid for love such tresses too ;  
And, while thou talkst to me of heaven,  
I sigh that thou hast not a sin to be forgiven !

Night comes, with love upon the breeze,  
And the calm clock strikes, stilly "ten."  
I start to hear it beat, for then  
I know that thou art on thy knees—  
And, at that hour, where'er thou be,  
Ascends to heaven a prayer for me !  
My heart drops to its bended knee—

The mirth upon my lip is dumb—  
Yet, as a thought of heaven would come,  
There glides, before it, one of thee—  
Thou, in thy white dress, kneeling there!—  
I fear I could leave heaven to see thee at thy  
prayer!

I follow up the sacred aisle,  
Thy light step on the Sabbath day,  
And—as perhaps thou pray'st the while—  
My light thoughts pass away!  
As swells in air the holy hymn,  
My breath comes thick, my eyes are dim,  
And through my tears I pray!  
I do not think my heart is stone—  
But, while for heaven it beats alone—  
In heaven would willing stay—  
One rustle of thy snow-white gown  
Sends all my thoughts astray!  
The preaching dies upon my ear—  
What “is the better world” when thy dark eyes  
are here!

Yet pray! my years have been but few—  
And many a wile the tempter weaves,  
And many a saint the sinner grieves  
Ere Mercy brings him through!

But oh, when Mercy sits serene  
And strives to bend to me,  
Pray, that the cloud which comes between  
May less resemble thee !  
The world that would my soul beguile,  
Tints all its roses with thy smile !  
In heaven 'twere well to be !  
But—to desire that blessed shore—  
Oh, lady! thy dark eyes must first have gone before !

The following shows a feeling of pity, that  
with him was very strong :—

#### UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
'Twas near the twilight tide—  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walk'd she ; but, viewlessly,  
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,  
And honour charm'd the air ;  
And all astir, look'd kind on her,  
And call'd her good as fair—  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true—  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo—  
But honour'd well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—  
A slight girl, lily pale;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail—  
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray;  
For as love's wild prayer dissolv'd in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way!  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
By man is curst alway!

I find among Beverley's prose a copy of an amusing letter, dated at the Springs of Saratoga, and addressed to one of his former admirations. Not giving the lady's name, I think I may venture to publish it:—

## “ TO THE JULIA OF SOME YEARS AGO.

I HAVE not written to you in your boy's lifetime — that fine lad, a shade taller than yourself, whom I sometimes meet at my bootmaker's. I am not very sure, that after the first month (bitter month) of your marriage, I have thought of you for the duration of a revery — fit to be so called. I loved you — lost you — swore to kill myself, and forgot you — which is love's climax when jilted. And I never expected to think of you again.

Beside the astonishment at hearing from me at all, you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at Saratoga. Here, where the stars are, that you swore by — here, where the springs and colonnades, the woodwalks and drives, the sofas and swings, are all coated over with your delicious perjuries, your “ protested ” protestations, your incalculable bankruptcy of sighs, tears, caresses, promises! Oh, Julia — *mais, retiens toi, ma plume!*

I assure you I had not the slightest idea of ever coming here again in the world — not the

slightest! I had a vow in heaven against it, indeed. While I hated you — before I forgot you, that is to say — I would not have come for your husband's million — (your price, Julia!) I had laid Saratoga away with a great seal, to be reopened in the next star I shall inhabit, and used as a lighthouse of warning. There was one banister at Congress Hall, particularly — across which we parted nightly — the next object my hand touched after losing the warm pressure of yours — the place I leaned over with a heart under my waistcoat which would have scaled Olympus to be nearer to you, yet was kept back by that mahogany and your “no” — and I will believe that devils may become dolls, and ghosts play around us like the smoke of a cigar, since over that banister I have thrown my leg and sat thinking of the past without phrenzy or emotion! And none have a better right than we to laugh now at love's passionate eternities! For we were lovers, Julia — I, as I know, and you, as I believe — and in that entry, when we parted to dream, write, contrive for the blissful morrow — anything but sleep and forget — in that

entry and over that banister were said words of tenderness and devotion, from as deep soundings of two hearts as ever plummet of this world could by possibility fathom. You *did* love me—monster of untruth and forgetfulness as you have since been bought for—you *did* love me! And that you can ride in your husband's carriage and grow fat, and that I can come here and make a mock of it, are two comments on love worthy of the commonplace book of Mephistophiles. Fie on us!

I came to Saratoga as I would look at a coat that I had worn twenty years before—with a sort of vacant curiosity to see the shell in which I had once figured. A friend said, "Join me at Saratoga!" and it sounded like, "Come and see where Julia was adorable." I came in a railcar, under a hot sun, and wanted my dinner, and wished myself where Julia, indeed, sat fat in her *fauteuil*—wished it, for the good wine in the cellar and the French cook in the kitchen. And I did not go down to "Congress Hall," the old *palais d'amour*—but in the modern and comfortable parlour of the "United States," sat down by a pretty

woman of these days, and chatted about the water-lily in her bosom and the boy she had up stairs — coldly and every-day-ishly. I had been there six hours, and you had not entered my thoughts. Please to believe that, Julia!

But in the evening there was a ball at Congress Hall. And though the old house is unfashionable now, and the lies of love are elsewhere told and listened to, there was a movement among the belles in its favour, and I appended myself to a lady's arm and went boldly. I say boldly, for it required an effort. The twilight had fallen, and with it had come a memory or two of the Springs in *our* time. I had seated myself against a pillar of the colonnade of the "United States," and looked down towards Congress Hall — and *you* were under the old vineclad portico, as I should have seen you from the same spot, and with the same eye of fancy, sundry years ago. So it was not quite like a passionless antiquary that I set foot again on that old-time colonnade, and, to say truth, as the band struck up a waltz, I might have had on my lip a momentary



quiver, and some dimness in my world-weary eye. But it passed away.

The ball was *comme ça*, and I found sweet women (as where are they not — given, candles and music?) and aired my homage as an old stager may. I danced without thinking of you uncomfortably, though the ten years' washing of that white floor has not quite washed out the memory of your Arab instep with its embracing and envied sandal, gliding and bounding O how airily! For you had feet, absolute in their perfection, dear Julia! — had you not?

But I went out for fresh air on the colonnade, in an evil and forgetful moment. I strolled alone toward the spring. The lamp burned dim, as it used to burn, tended by Cupid's minions. And on the end of the portico, by the last window of the music-room, under that overhanging ivy, with stars in sight that I would have sworn to for the very same — sat a lady in a dress like yours as I saw you last, and black eyes, like jet lamps framed in velvet, turning indolently toward me. I held by the railing, for I am superstitious, and it seemed to

me that I had only to ask you why you were there — for, ghostly, or bodily, there I saw you! Back came your beauty on my memory with yesterday's freshness of recollection. Back came into my heart the Julia of my long-accursed adoration! I saw your confiding and bewildering smile, your fine-cut teeth of pearl, your over-bent brow and arch look from under, your lily-shoulders, your dimpled hands. You were there, if my senses were sufficient evidence, if presence be anything without touch — bodily there!

Of course it was somebody else. I went in and took some wine. But I write to tell you that for a minute — a minute of enormous capacity — I have loved you once more. For one minute, while you probably were buried deep in your frilled pillow — (snoring, perhaps — who knows?) — for one minute, fleeting and blissful, you have been loved again — with heart, brain, blood, all on fire with truth, tenderness, and passionate adoration — by a man who could have bought you (you know I could!) for half the money you sold for! And I thought you would like to know this, Julia! And now,

hating you as before, in your fleshy forgetfulness,

Yours not at all,  
C. B."

Beverley seems to have had a great admiration for the peculiar stanza which Byron has all but monopolised in "Don Juan." He very often wrote notes in this free-and-easy measure, and I find one fragmentary poem of considerable length among his papers, which I fancy he intended to have elaborated some day into a much longer and publishable shape. There are two passages in it — a versified letter, and a description of a very beautiful and distinguished English authoress — which are, perhaps, worth quoting.

The story begins with the history of a certain Lady Jane who, though an Earl's daughter, had not found a match to her taste, and was startled with a sudden mental awakening to her single condition on arriving at the age of forty. With a view of reconciling herself to her future, she calls on a literary Countess for advice as to some new passion to cultivate — some solace for her

down-hill of life. The Countess recommends her a "literary pet" in whose fame and prospects she should interest herself, and offers her one in the shape of a youth who has just come to London introduced to her care. She first sees the boy at one of the Countess's *soirées* — but perhaps the extracts will speak for themselves after thus much of explanation: —

\* \* \* \* \*

LII.

"I'm looking," said the Countess, "for a letter

"From my old playmate, Isabella Gray.

"'Tis Heaven knows how long since I have met her ;

"She ran away and married one fine day—

"Poor girl! She might have done a great deal better!

"The boy that she has sent to me, they say,

"Is handsome, and has talents very striking.

"So young, too—you can spoil him to your liking.

LIII.

"Her letter will amuse you. You must know

"That, from her marriage day, her lord has shut her

- " Securely up in an old French château ;  
    " Where, with her children and no woman but  
        her,  
" He plays the old school gentleman ; and so  
    " Her worldly knowledge stopp'd at bread and  
        butter.  
" She thinks I may be chang'd by time—for, may  
    be,  
" I've lost a tooth or got another baby.

## LIV.

- " Heigho ! — 'tis evident we're made of clay,  
    " And harden unless kept in tears and shade ;  
" This fashionable sunshine dries away  
    " Much that we err in losing, I'm afraid !  
" I wonder what my guardian angels say  
    " About the sort of woman I have made !  
" I wish I could begin my life again !  
" What think ye of Pythagoras, Lady Jane ?"

## LV.

- The Countess, all this while, was running over  
    The pages of a letter closely cross'd :—  
" I wish," she said, " my most devoted lover  
    " Took half the trouble that this scrawl has  
        cost !

“ Though some of it is quite a flight above a

“ Sane woman’s comprehension. Tut? Where  
was’t!

“ There is a passage here — the name’s Beau-  
levres —

“ His château’s in the neighbourhood of Sevres.

## LVI.

“ The boy’s called Jules. Ah, here it is!” *My  
child*

*Brings you this letter. I’ve not much to say  
More than you know of him, if he has smil’d*

*When you have seen him. In his features play  
The light from which his soul has been beguil’d —*

*The blessed Heaven I lose with him to-day.*

*I ask you not to love him—he is there!*

*And you have lov’d him—without wish or prayer!*

## LVII.

*His father sends him forth for fame and gold—*

*An angel, on this errand! I have striven  
Against it—but he is not mine to hold.*

*They say ’tis wrong to wish to stay him, even,  
And that my pride’s poor—my ambition cold!*

*Alas! to get him only back to Heaven  
Is my one passionate prayer! Think me not wild—  
'Tis that I have an angel for my child!*

## LVIII.

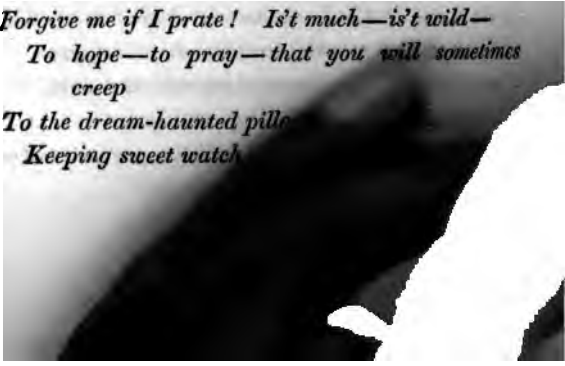
*They say that he has genius. I but see  
 That he gets wisdom as the flow'r gets hue,  
 While others hive it like the toiling bee ;  
 That, with him, all things beautiful keep new,  
 And every morn the first morn seems to be—  
 So freshly look abroad his eyes of blue !  
 What he has written seems to me no more  
 Than I have thought a thousand times before !*

## LIX.

*Yet not upon his gay career to Fame  
 Broods my foreboding tear. I wish it won —  
 My prayer speeds on his spirit to its aim —  
 But in his chamber wait I for my son ! —  
 When darken'd is ambition's star of fame —  
 When the night's fever of unrest is on —  
 With the unbidden sadness, the sharp care,  
 I fly from his bright hours, to meet him there !*

## LX.

*Forgive me if I prate ! Is't much—is't wild—  
 To hope—to pray—that you will sometimes  
 creep  
 To the dream-haunted pillow  
 Keeping sweet watch*



*Blest like his mother, if in dream he smil'd,  
 Or, if he wept, still blest with him to weep ;  
 Rewarded — Oh, for how much more than this !  
 By his awaking smile — his morning kiss !*

## LXI.

*I know not how to stop ! He leaves me well ;  
 Life, spirit, health, in all his features speak ;  
 His foot bounds with the spring of a gazelle ;  
 But watch him — stay ! well thought on ! —  
 there's a streak  
 Which the first faltering of his health will tell,  
 Long ere the bright blood wavers on his cheek —  
 A little bursted vein, that, near his heart,  
 Looks like a crimson thread half torn apart.*

## LXII.

*So, trusting not his cheek by morning light,  
 When hope sits mantling on it, seek his bed  
 In the more tranquil watches of the night,  
 And ask this tell-tale how his heart has sped.  
 If well — its branching tracery shows bright ;  
 But if its sanguine hue look cold and dead,  
 Ah, Gertrude ! let your ministering be  
 As you would answer it, in Heaven, to me !*



## LXIII.

Enter the page : — “ Miladi’s maid is waiting ! ”

A hint, (that it was time to dress for dinner,) Which puts a stop in London to all prating.

As far as goes the letter, you’re a winner, The rest of it to flannel shirts relating —

When Jules should wear his thicker, when his thinner.

The Countess laugh’d at Lady Jane’s adieu : She thought the letter touching. Pray, don’t you ?

\* \* \* \* \*

## LXXI.

’Tis ten — say half-past. Lady Jane has din’d,

And dress’d as simply as a lady may.

A card lies on her table “ To Remind ” —

’Tis odd she never thought of it to-day.

But she is pleasantly surpris’d to find

’Tis Friday night, the Countess’s *soirée*.

Back rolls the chariot to Berkeley Square.

If you have din’d, dear reader, let’s go there !

## LXXII.

We’re early. In the cloak-room smokes the urn,

The housekeeper behind it, fat and solemn ;

Steady as stars the fresh-lit candles burn,

And on the stairs the new-blown what d’ye-call’em

Their nodding cups of perfume overturn ;  
 The page leans idly by a marble column,  
 And stiffly a tall footman stands above,  
 Looking between the fingers of his glove.

## LXXIII.

All bright and silent, like a charmed palace —  
 The spells wound up, the fays to come at twelve;  
 The housekeeper a witch (*cum grano salis*);  
 The handsome page, perhaps, a royal elfe  
 Condemn'd to servitude by fairy malice;  
 (I wish the varlet had these rhymes to delve!)  
 Some magic hall, it seems, for revel bright,  
 And Lady Jane the spirit first alight.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LXXXI.

A small room on the left, (I'll get on faster  
 If you're impatient,) very softly lit  
 By lamps conceal'd in bells of alabaster,  
 Lipp'd like a lily, and "as white as it,"  
 With a sweet statue by a famous master,  
 Just in the centre, (but not dress'd a bit!)—  
 This dim room drew aside our early-comer,  
 Who thought it like a moonlight night in summer.

## LXXXII.

And so it was. For, thro' an opening door,  
Came the soft breath of a conservatory,  
And, bending its tall stem the threshold o'er,  
Swung in a crimson flower, the tropics' glory;  
And, as you gazed, the vista lengthen'd more,  
And statues, lamps and flowers — but, to my  
story !  
The room was cushion'd like a bey's divan ;  
And in it — (Heav'n preserve us !) — sat a man !

## LXXXIII.

At least, as far as boots and pantaloons  
Are symptoms of a man, there seem'd one  
there —  
Whatever was the number of his Junes.  
She look'd again, and started ! In a chair,  
Sleeping as if his eyelids had been moons,  
Reclin'd, with flakes of sunshine in his hair,  
(Or, what look'd like it,) a fair youth, quite real,  
But of a beauty like the Greek ideal.

## LXXXIV.

He slept, like Love by slumber overtaken,  
His bow unbent, his quiver thrown aside ;  
The lip might to a manlier arch awaken —  
The nostril, so serene, dilate with pride :

But, now, he lay, of all his masks forsaken,  
 And childhood's sleep was there, and naught  
 beside;  
 And his bright lips lay smilingly apart,  
 Like a torn crimson leaf with pearly heart.

## LXXXV.

Now Jules Beaulevres, Esq. — (this was he —)  
 Had never been "put up" to London hours;  
 And thinking he was simply ask'd to tea,  
 Had been, since seven, looking at the flowers —  
 No doubt extremely pleasant, — but, you see,  
 A great deal of it rather overpowers;  
 And possibly, that very fine exotic  
 He sat just under, was a slight narcotic.

## LXXXVI.

At any rate, when it was all admir'd, —  
 As quite his notion of a Heav'n polite,  
 (*Minus* the angels,) — he felt very tir'd —  
 As one, who'd been all day sight-seeing,  
*might!*  
 And having by the Countess been desir'd  
 To make himself at home, he did so, quite.  
 He begg'd his early coming might not fetter her,  
 And she went out to dine, the old — *etcetera*.

## LXXXVII.

And thinking of his mother — and his bill  
At Mivart's — and of all the sights amazing  
Of which, the last few days, he'd had his fill —  
And choking when he thought of fame — and  
gazing  
Upon his varnish'd boots, (as young men will,)  
And wond'ring how the shops could pay for  
glazing —  
And also, (here his thoughts were getting dim,)  
Whether a certain smile was meant for him —

## LXXXVIII.

And murm'ring over, with a drowsy bow,  
The speech he made the Countess, when he met  
her, —  
And smiling, with clos'd eyelids, (thinking how  
He should describe her in the morrow's letter) —  
And sighing "Good-night!" (he was dreaming  
now) —  
Jules dropp'd into a world he lik'd much better;  
But left his earthly mansion unprotected,  
Well, Sir! 'twas robb'd — as might have been  
expected!

## LXXXIX.

The Lady Jane gaz'd on the fair boy sleeping,  
And in his lips' rare beauty read his name;

And to his side with breathless wonder creeping,  
Resistless to her heart the feeling came,  
That, to her yearning love's devoted keeping,  
Was giv'n the gem within that fragile frame.  
And bending with almost a mother's bliss,  
To his bright lips, she seal'd it with a kiss!

## XC.

Oh, in that kiss how much of Heav'n united!  
What haste to pity — eagerness to bless!  
What thirsting of a heart, long pent and slighted,  
For something fair, yet human, to caress!  
How fathomless the love so briefly plighted!  
What kiss thrill'd ever more — sinn'd ever  
less!  
So love the angels, sent with holy mercies!  
And so love poets — in their early verses!

## XCI.

If, in well-bred society, ("hear! hear!")  
If, in this "wrong and pleasant" world of ours  
There beats a pulse that seraphs may revere —  
If Eden's birds, when frightened from its flowers,  
Clung to one deathless seed, still blooming here —  
If Time cut ever down, 'mid blighted hours,  
A bliss that will spring up in bliss again —  
'Tis woman's love. This I believe. Amen!

## XCII.

To guard from ill, to help, watch over, warn —  
To learn, for his sake, sadness, patience, pain,—  
To seek him with most love when most forlorn —  
Promis'd the mute kiss of the Lady Jane.  
And thus, in sinless purity is born,  
Always, the love of woman. So, again,  
I say, that up to kissing — later even —  
A woman's love may have its feet in Heaven.

## XCIII.

Jules open'd (at the kiss) his large blue eyes, '  
And calmly gaz'd upon the face above him,  
But never stirr'd, and utter'd no surprise —  
Although his situation well might move him.  
He seem'd so cool, (my *lyre* shall tell no *lies*,)  
That Lady Jane half thought she shouldn't love  
him;  
When suddenly the Countess Pasibleu  
Enter'd the room with, "Dear me! how d'ye do?"

## XCIV.

Up sprang the boy — amazement on his brow! "  
But the next instant, through his lips there  
crept  
A just awakening smile, and, with a bow,  
Calmly he said: "'Twas only while I slept

The angels did not vanish — until now.”

A speech, I think, quite worthy an adept.  
The Countess star’d, and Lady Jane began  
To fear that she had kiss’d a nice young man.

## XCV.

Jules had that precious quality call’d *tact*;  
And having made a very warm beginning,  
He suddenly grew grave, and rather back’d;  
As if incapable of further sinning.  
’Twas well he did so, for, it is a fact,  
The ladies like, themselves, to do the winning.  
In *female* Shakespeares, Desdemonas shine;  
And the Othellos “seriously incline.”

## XCVI.

So with a manner quite reserv’d and plain,  
Jules ask’d to be presented, and then made  
Many apologies to Lady Jane,  
For the eccentric part that he had play’d.  
Regretted he had slept — confess’d with pain  
He took her for an angel — was afraid  
He had been rude — abrupt — did he alarm  
Her much? — and might he offer her his arm?

## XCVII.

And as they rang’d that sweet conservatory,  
He heeded not the flowers he walk’d among;



But such an air of earnest listening wore he,  
 That a dumb statue must have found a tongue;  
 And like a child that hears a fairy story,  
 His parted lips upon her utterance hung.  
 He seem'd to know by instinct, (else how was  
 it?)  
 That people love the bank where they deposit.

## XCVIII.

And closer, as the moments faster wore,  
 The slender arm within her own she press'd;  
 And yielding to the magic spell he bore —  
 The earnest truth upon his ips impress'd —  
 She lavishly *told* out the golden ore  
 Hoarded a lifetime in her guarded breast.  
 And Jules, throughout, was beautifully tender —  
 Although he did not always comprehend her.

## XCIX.

And this in him was no deep calculation,  
 But in good truth, as well as graceful seeming,  
 Abandonment complete to admiration —  
 His soul gone from him as it goes in dreaming.  
 I wish'd to make this little explanation,  
 — Misgiving that his tact might go for scheming;  
 I can assure you it was never plann'd;  
 I have it from his angel (second hand).

\* \* \* \* \*

## C.

The Countess Pasibleu's gay rooms were full,  
Not crowded. It was neither rout nor ball —  
Only "her Friday night." The air was cool;  
And there were people in the house of all  
Varieties, except the pure John Bull.

The number of young ladies, too, was small —  
You seldom find *old* John, or his *young* daughters,  
Swimming in very literary waters.

## CL.

Indeed with rare exceptions, women given  
To the society of famous men,  
Are those who will confess to twenty-seven;  
But add to this the next reluctant ten,  
And still they're fit to make a poet's heaven,  
For sumptuously beautiful is then  
The woman of proud mien and thoughtful brow;  
And one (still bright in her meridian now)

## CII.

Bent upon Jules, that night, her lustrous eye.  
A creature of a loftier mould was she  
Than in his dreams had ever glided by;  
And through his veins the blood flew start-  
lingly,

And he felt sick at heart — he knew not why —  
For 'tis the sadness of the lost to see  
Angels look on us with a cold regard,  
(Not knowing those who never left their card).

## CIII.

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes  
Of an unfathom'd darkness couch'd below ;  
And parted on that brow in jetty flakes  
The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,  
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes  
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.  
Her nostril's breathing arch might threaten  
storm —  
But love lay in her lips, all hush'd and warm.

## CIV.

And small teeth, glittering white, and cheek whose  
red  
Seem'd Passion, there asleep, in rosy nest :  
And neck set on as if to bear a head —  
May be a lily, may be Juno's crest, —  
So lightly sprang it from its snow-white bed !  
So proudly rode above the swelling breast !  
And motion, effortless as stars awaking  
And melting out, at eve, and morning's break-  
ing ;

## CV.

And voice delicious quite, and smile that came  
 Slow to the lips, as 'twere the heart smil'd  
 thro': —

These charms I've been particular to name,  
 For they are, like an inventory, true,  
 And of themselves were stuff enough for fame;  
 But she, so wondrous fair, has genius too,  
 And brilliantly her thread of life is spun —  
 In verse and beauty both, the "Undying One!"

## CVI.

And song — for in those kindling lips there lay  
 Music to wing all utterance outward breaking,  
 As if upon the ivory teeth did play  
 Angels, who caught the words at their awaking,  
 And sped them with sweet melodies away —  
 The hearts of those who listen'd with them  
 taking.  
 Of proof to this last fact there's little lack;  
 And Jules, poor lad! ne'er got *his* truant back!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus much is shown of the facility of Mr.  
 Cinna Beverley at versification. The reader  
 will, perhaps, agree with me that, with a proper

degree of finish and study, he might have turned out a respectable poet. If it is to be regretted that he did not, it is not because poets are not in these days sufficiently plentiful. Peace to his ashes, however !

## MR. GOGGINS.

By a turn of fortune not worth describing, Mr. Goggins, a ship-chandler, became suddenly a millionaire. His half-score of grown-up children spread themselves at once to their new dimensions, and after a preliminary flourish at home, the whole family embarked for foreign travel. They remained but a fortnight in England—money in that land walking often invisible. Germany seemed to the ship-chandler a “rubbishy” country, and Italy “very small beer,” and after a short residence in Paris, that gay capital was pronounced the Paradise of money’s worth, and there the Gogginses took up their abode. To the apprehension of most of their acquaintance, Mr. Goggins was now in a speedy and fair way to return to his blocks and oakum, poorer for his fortune. No stint seemed put upon the extravagance of sons or daughters, and in dress and equipage their separate displays and establishments became,

the marvel of Paris. In Goggins himself there was for awhile no great change of exterior. His constitutional hardness of character seemed in no way disturbed or embellished by the splendours he controlled. He gave way to usages and etiquette with patient facility, bowed through the receptions at his first parties with imperturbable propriety, and was voted stolid and wooden by the gay world flaunting at his expense.

In the second year of his Parisian life, however, Goggins took the reins gradually into his own hands. He dismissed his sharp French butler, who had made hitherto all the household bargains, and promoting to the servile part of his office an inferior domestic, dull and zealous, he took the accounts into his own hands, and exacted of all the tradespeople he patronised schedules of their wares in English, and their bills made equally comprehensible. Pocketing thus the butler's perquisite, he reduced the charges of that department one half, besides considerably improving the quality of the articles purchased. Rejecting then the intermediate offices of lease agents and *hommes d'affaires*, he advertised in

Galignani, in good plain English, for the most luxurious house in a certain fashionable quarter, conducted the bargain by a correspondence in English, and finally procured it at a large abatement, at least, from prices paid by millionaires. He advertised in the same way for proposals to furnish his house on the most sumptuous scale, and in the prevailing fashion, and by dint of sitting quietly in his office and compelling everything to reach him through the medium of English manuscript, he created a palace fit for an emperor, by fair competition among the tradesmen and upholsterers, and at a cost by no means ruinous. He advertised in the same way for a competent man of taste to oversee the embellishments in progress, and when complete, the "Hotel Goggins" was quite the best thing of its kind in Paris, and was looked upon as the "folly" of the ruined lessee. With this groundwork for display, Mr. Goggins turned his attention to the ways and means of balls and dinners, concerts and breakfast, and having acquired a name for large expenditure, he profited considerably by the emulation of cooks and purveyors for the *material*, and privately made use of the



*savoir faire* of a reduced count or two, who, for a "trifling consideration," willingly undertook the *manner* of the entertainments. He applied the same sagacious system of commissariat to the supplying of the multifarious wants of his children, economising at the same time that he enhanced the luxury of their indulgences, and the Gogginses soon began to excite other feelings than contempt. Their equipages (the production of the united taste of ruined spend-thrifts) outshone the most sumptuous of the embassies, their balls were of unexceptionable magnificence, their dinners more *recherché* than profuse. How they should come by their elegance was a mystery that did not lessen their consequence, and so the Gogginses mounted to the difficult eminence of Parisian fashion — the plain business tact of a ship-chandler their mysterious stepping-stone.

Perhaps we should give more credit to this faculty in Goggins. It is possibly not far removed from the genius of a great financier or eminent state treasurer. It is the power of coming directly at values and ridding them of their "riders" — of getting for less what others

from want of penetration get for more. I am inclined to think Goggins would have been quite as successful in any other field of calculation, and one instance of a very different application of his reasoning powers would go to favour the belief.

While in Italy, he employed a celebrated but improvident artist to paint a picture, the subject of which was a certain event of rather an humble character, in which he had been an actor. The picture was to be finished at a certain time, and at the urgent plea of the artist, the money was advanced. The time expired and the picture was not sent home, and the forfeited bond of the artist was accordingly put in suit. The delinquent, who had not thought twice of the subject, addressed one or two notes of remonstrance to his summary employer, and receiving no reply, and the law crowding very closely upon his heels, he called upon Goggins and appealed, among other arguments, to the difference in their circumstances, and the indulgent pity due from rich to poor.

“Where do you dine to-day?” asked Goggins.

“To-day — let me see — Monday — I dine with Lady ——.”

(The artist, as Goggins knew, was a favourite in the best society in Florence.)

“And where did you dine yesterday?”

“Yesterday — hum — yesterday I dined with Sir George ——. No! I breakfasted with Sir George, and dined with the grand chamberlain. Excuse me! I have so many engagements——”

“Ah! — and you are never at a loss for a dinner or a breakfast?”

The artist smiled. “No!”

“Are you well lodged?”

“Yes — on the Arno.”

“And well clad, I see.”

(The painter was rather a dandy, withal.)

“Well, sir!” said Goggins, folding up his arms, and looking sterner than before, “you have, as far as I can understand it, every luxury and comfort which a fortune could procure you, and none of the care and trouble of a fortune, and you enjoy these advantages by a claim which is not liable to bankruptcy, nor to be

squandered, nor burnt — without the slightest anxiety, in short.”

The artist assented.

“So far, there is no important difference in our worldly condition, except that I have this anxiety and trouble, and am liable to these very casualties.”

Goggins paused, and the painter nodded again.

“And now, sir, over and above this, what would you take to exchange with me the esteem in which we are severally held — you to become the rich, uneducated, and plain Simon Goggins, and I to possess your genius, your elevated tastes, and the praise and fame which these procure you?”

The artist turned uneasily on his heels.

“No, sir!” continued Goggins, “you are not a man to be pitied, and least of all by me. And I don’t pity you, sir. And what’s more, you shall paint that picture, sir, or go to prison. Good morning, sir!”

And the result was a painting, finished in three days, and one of the masterpieces of that accomplished painter, for he embodied, in the

figure and face of Goggins, the character which he had struck out so unexpectedly — retaining the millionaire's friendship and patronage, though never again venturing to trifle with his engagements.

## MRS. FLIMSON.

FEW women had more gifts than Mrs. Flimson. She was born of clever parents, and was ladylike and good-looking. Her education was that of a female Crichton, careful and universal; and while she had more than a smattering of most languages and sciences, she was up to any flight of fashion, and down to every secret of notable housewifery. She piqued herself, indeed, most upon her plain accomplishments (thinking, perhaps, that her more uncommon ones would speak for themselves); and it was a greater triumph, to her apprehension, that she could direct the country butcher to the sweetbread in slaughtering his veal, and show a country girl how to send it to table with the proper complexion of a *riz de veau*, than that she could entertain any manner of foreigner in his own language, and see order in the stars and diamonds in backlogs. Like most female prodigies, whose friends expect them to be matched as

well as praised, Mrs. Flimson lost the pick of the market, and married a man very much her inferior. The *pis aller*, Mr. Flimson, was a person of excellent family (after the fashion of a hill of potatoes — the best part of it under ground), and possessed of a moderate income. Near the meridian sun of a metropolis, so small a star would of course be extinguished; and as it was necessary to Mrs. Flimson's existence that she should be the cynosure of something, she induced her husband to remove to the sparser field of a distant country-town, where, with her diplomatic abilities, she hoped to build him up into a member of congress. And here shone forth the genius of Mrs. Flimson. To make herself perfectly *au fait* of country habits, usages, prejudices, and opinions, was but the work of a month or two of stealthy observation. At the end of this short period, she had mastered a manner of rustic frankness (to be put on at will); she had learned the secret of all rural economies; she had found out what degree of gentility would inspire respect without offending, or exciting envy, and she had made a near estimate of the influence, con-

sequence, and worth-trouble-ness of every family within visiting distance.

With this ammunition, Mrs. Flimson opened the campaign. She joined all the sewing-circles of the village, refusing steadily the invidious honour of manager, pattern-cutter, and treasurer; she selected one or two talkative objects for her charity, and was studiously secret in her manner of conveying her benefactions. She talked with farmers, quoting Mr. Flimson for her facts. She discoursed with the parson, quoting Mr. Flimson for her theology. She was intelligent and witty, and distributed plentiful scraps of information, always quoting Mr. Flimson. She managed the farm and the household, and kept all the accounts — Mr. Flimson was so overwhelmed with other business! She talked politics, admitting that she was less of a republican than Mr. Flimson. She produced excellent plans for charitable associations, town improvements, and the education of children — all the result of Mr. Flimson's hours of relaxation. She was — and was only — Mr. Flimson's humble vicegerent and poor representative. And everything would seem so much better



devised if he could have expressed it in person !

But Mr. Flimson was never nominated for congress, and Mrs. Flimson was very well understood from the first by her country neighbours. There was a flaw in the high polish of her education — an error inseparable from too much consciousness of porcelain in this crockery world. To raise themselves sufficiently above the common level, the family of Mrs. Flimson habitually underrated vulgar human nature, and the accomplished daughter, good at every thing else, never knew where to find it. She thinks herself in a cloud, floating far out of the reach of those around her, when they are reading her at arm's length like a book. She calculates her condescension for "forty fathom deep," when the object of it sits beside her. She comes down graciously to people's capacity, and her simplicity is set down for trap. And still wondering that Mr. Flimson is allowed by his country to remain in obscurity, and that stupid rustics will not fuse and be moulded by her well-studied congenialities, she begins to turn her attention to things more on her own level, and on Sundays

looks like a saint distressed to be out of heaven. But for that one thread of contempt woven into the woof of her education, Mrs. Flimson might have shone as a star in the world where she glimmers like a taper.



[THE Author ventures to close *these* Miscellaneous *Volumes* with *two or three* Poems, written at a different period, and in somewhat a different spirit, from their foregoing contents.]



### Scripture Sketches.

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#### RIZPAH WITH HER SONS,

*(The day before they were hanged on Gibeah).*

“BREAD for my mother!” said the voice of one  
 Darkening the door of Rizpah. She look’d up,  
 And lo! the princely countenance and mien  
 Of dark-brow’d Armoni. The eye of Saul —  
 The very voice and presence of the king —  
 Limb, port, and majesty, — were present there,  
 Mock’d like an apparition in her son.  
 Yet, as he stoop’d his forehead to her hand  
 With a kind smile, a something of his mother  
 Unbent the haughty arching of his lip,  
 And, through the darkness of the widow’s heart  
 Trembled a nerve of tenderness that shook  
 Her thought of pride all suddenly to tears.

“Whence comest thou?” said Rizpah.

“From the house  
 Of David. In his gate there stood a soldier —

This in his hand. I pluck'd it, and I said,  
'*A king's son takes it for his hungry mother !*'  
God stay the famine !"

As he spoke, a step,  
Light as an antelope's, the threshold press'd,  
And like a beam of light into the room  
Enter'd Mephibosheth. What bird of heaven,  
Or creature of the wild — what flower of earth —  
Was like this fairest of the sons of Saul ?  
The violet's cup was harsh to his blue eye.  
Less agile was the fierce barb's fiery step.  
His voice drew hearts to him. His smile was like  
The incarnation of some blessed dream —  
Its joyousness so sunn'd the gazer's eye !  
Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth divided  
A bow of love, drawn with a scarlet thread.  
His cheek was like the moist heart of the rose,  
And, but for nostrils of that breathing fire  
That turns the lion back, and limbs as lithe  
As is the velvet muscle of the pard,  
Mephibosheth had been too fair for man.

As if he were a vision that would fade,  
Rizpah gaz'd on him. Never, to her eye,  
Grew his bright form familiar ; but, like stars,  
That seem'd each night new lit in a new heaven,

He was each morn's sweet gift to her. She lov'd!  
Her first-born, as a mother loves her child,  
Tenderly, fondly. But for him — the last —  
What had she done for heaven to be his mother?  
Her heart rose in her throat to hear his voice;  
She look'd at him for ever through her tears;  
Her utterance, when she spoke to him, sank down,  
As if the lightest thought of him had lain  
In an unfathom'd cavern of her soul.  
The morning light was part of him, to her —  
What broke the day for, but to show his beauty?  
The hours but measur'd time till he should come;  
Too tardy sang the bird when he was gone;  
She would have shut the flowers — and call'd the  
star

Back to the mountain-top — and bade the sun  
Pause at Eve's golden door — to wait for him!  
Was this a heart gone wild? — or is the love  
Of mothers like a madness? Such as this  
Is many a poor one in her humble home,  
Who silently and sweetly sits alone,  
Pouring her life all out upon her child.  
What cares she that he does not feel how close  
Her heart beats after his — that all unseen  
Are the fond thoughts that follow him by day,  
And watch his sleep like angels? And, when  
mov'd



By some sore needed Providence, he stops  
In his wild path and lifts a thought to heaven,  
What cares the mother that he does not see  
The link between the blessing and her prayer?

He who once wept with Mary — angels keeping  
Their unthank'd watch — are a foreshadowing  
Of what love is in heaven. We may believe  
That we shall know each other's forms hereafter,  
And, in the bright fields of the better land,  
Call the lost dead to us. O conscious heart!  
That in the lone paths of this shadowy world  
Hast bless'd all light, however dimly shining,  
That broke upon the darkness of thy way —  
Number thy lamps of love, and tell me, now,  
How many canst thou re-light at the stars  
And blush not at their burning? One—one only —  
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,  
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave —  
(Tho' sometimes with a hand stretch'd back from  
heaven,)  
Steadfast thro' all things—near, when most forgot—  
And with its finger of unerring truth  
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour —  
One lamp — *thy mother's love* — amid the stars  
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and, before  
The throne of God, burn through eternity —  
Holy — as it was lit and lent thee here.

The hand in salutation gently rais'd  
To the bow'd forehead of the princely boy,  
Linger'd amid his locks. "I sold," he said,  
"My Libyan barb for but a cake of meal —  
Lo! this — my mother! As I pass'd the street,  
I hid it in my mantle, for there stand  
Famishing mothers, with their starving babes,  
At every threshold; and wild, desperate men  
Prowl, with the eyes of tigers, up and down,  
Watching to rob those who, from house to house,  
Beg for the dying. Fear not thòu, my mother!  
Thy sons will be Elijah's ravens to thee!"

[UNFINISHED.]

## LAZARUS AND MARY.

JESUS was there but yesterday. The prints  
 Of his departing feet were at the door ;  
 His "Peace be with you !" was yet audible  
 In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear ;  
 And, in the low rooms, 'twas as if the air,  
 Hush'd with his going forth, had been the breath  
 Of angels left on watch — so conscious still  
 The place seem'd of his presence ! Yet, within,  
 The family by Jesus lov'd were weeping,  
 For Lazarus lay dead.

And Mary sat  
 By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.  
 The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt  
 With his benignant smile — the soft fair lines  
 Breathing of hope — were still all eloquent,  
 Like life well mock'd in marble. That the voice,  
 Gone from those pallid lips, was heard in heaven,  
 Ton'd with unearthly sweetness — that the light,  
 Quench'd in the closing of those stirless lids,  
 Was veiling before God its timid fire,  
 New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve —

That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,  
Not with his cold clay sleeping — Mary knew.  
Her heaviness of heart was not for him !  
But close had been the tie by death divided.  
The intertwining locks of that bright hair  
That wip'd the feet of Jesus — the fair hands  
Clasp'd in her breathless wonder while He taught —  
Scarce to one pulse thrill'd more in unison,  
Than with one soul this sister and her brother  
Had lock'd their lives together. In this love,  
Hallow'd from stain, the woman's heart of Mary  
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.  
Of an unblemish'd beauty, as became  
An office by archangels fill'd till now,  
She walk'd with a celestial halo clad ;  
And while, to the Apostles' eyes, it seem'd  
She but fulfill'd her errand out of heaven —  
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God —  
She was a woman, fond and mortal still ;  
And the deep fervour, lost to passion's fire,  
Breath'd through the sister's tenderness. In vain  
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,  
That it was not her brother. He was there —  
Swath'd in that linen vesture for the grave —  
The same lov'd one in all his comeliness —  
And with him to the grave her heart must go.  
What though he talk'd of her to angels ? nay —

Hover'd in spirit near her — 'twas that arm.  
Paisied in death, whose fond caress she knew !  
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,  
Morning and eve, love hemm'd the sweet day in —  
This was the form by the Judean maids  
Prais'd for its palm-like stature, as he walk'd  
With her by Kedron in the eventide —  
The dead was Lazarus ! \* \* \* \* \*  
The burial was over, and the night  
Fell upon Bethany — and morn — and noon.  
And comforters and mourners went their way —  
But death stay'd on ! They had been oft alone  
When Lazarus had follow'd Christ to hear  
His teachings in Jerusalem : but this  
Was more than solitude. The silence now  
Was void of expectation. Something felt  
Always before, and lov'd without a name —  
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,  
Welcome and life from off the very walls —  
Seem'd gone — and in the chamber where he lay  
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,  
Stillier than night's last hour. So fell on Mary  
The shadows all have known, who, from their hearts,  
Have releas'd friends to heaven. The parting soul  
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky !  
As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,  
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun !

And, to the eye strain'd after, 'tis a cloud  
That bars the light from all things.

Now as Christ  
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth  
With Martha mourning Lazarus. But Mary  
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh  
When He would go again, as He had said,  
Unto his Father; and she felt that He,  
Who lov'd her brother Lazarus in life,  
Had chose the hour to bring him home thro' death  
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone —  
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,  
“Thy will be done, O God!” — but that dear brother  
Had fill'd the cup and broke the bread for Christ;  
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt  
And wash'd those holy feet, came Lazarus  
To bind his sandals on, and follow forth  
With dropp'd eyes, like an angel, sad and fair —  
Intent upon the Master's need alone.  
Indissolubly link'd were they! And now,  
To go to meet him — Lazarus not there —  
And to his greeting answer, “It is well!”  
And without tears (since grief would trouble Him  
Whose soul was alway sorrowful) to kneel  
And minister alone — her heart gave way!  
She cover'd up her face and turn'd again

To wait within for Jesus. But once more  
Came Martha, saying, "Lo! the Lord is here,  
And calleth for thee, Mary!" Then arose  
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sate  
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up  
The golden locks of her dishevell'd hair,  
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil  
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,  
As she made ready to go forth, a calm  
As in a dream fell on her.

At a fount  
Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,  
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near  
Were the way-worn disciples in the shade;  
But, of Himself forgetful, Jesus lean'd  
Upon his staff, and watch'd where she should come,  
To whose one sorrow — but a sparrow's falling —  
The pity that redeem'd a world could bleed!  
And as she came, with that uncertain step —  
Eager, yet weak — her hands upon her breast —  
And they who follow'd her all fallen back  
To leave her with her sacred grief alone —  
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,  
And the disciples rose up from the fount,  
Mov'd by her look of wo, and gather'd round;  
And Mary — for a moment — ere she look'd

Upon the Saviour, stay'd her faltering feet —  
And straighten'd her veil'd form, and tighter drew  
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast ;  
Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,  
She stagger'd to their midst, and at His feet  
Fell prostrate, saying, "Lord ! hadst thou been here,  
My brother had not died !" The Saviour groan'd  
In spirit, and stoop'd tenderly, and rais'd  
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,  
Broke in its utterance like her own, He said,  
"Where have ye laid him ?" Then the Jews who  
came,

Following Mary, answer'd through their tears,  
"Lord ! come and see !" But lo ! the mighty heart  
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,  
Taking for us the cup that might not pass —  
The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross  
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid  
To look upon his agony — the heart  
Of a lost world's Redeemer — overflow'd,  
Touch'd by a mourner's sorrow ! Jesus wept.

Calm'd by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding  
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,  
Stood Mary there ; but that lost burden now  
Lay on His heart who pitied her ; and Christ,  
Following slow, and groaning in Himself,  
Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,



And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,  
"Take ye away the stone!" Then lifted He  
His moisten'd eyes to heaven, and while the Jews  
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,  
And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,  
The Son of God pray'd audibly. He ceas'd,  
And for a minute's space there was a hush,  
As if th' angelic watchers of the world  
Had stay'd the pulses of all breathing things,  
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ  
Shone as He stood, and over Him there came  
Command, as 'twere the living face of God,  
And with a loud voice, He cried, "Lazarus!  
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,  
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,  
He that was dead stood with them. At the word  
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloos'd  
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;  
And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,  
Ran to him swiftly, and cried, "LAZARUS!  
MY BROTHER, LAZARUS!" and tore away  
The napkin she had bound about his head —  
And touch'd the warm lips with her fearful hand —  
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all  
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus  
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down  
And worshipp'd Him who loved them.

THOUGHTS WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE  
OF A NEW-BORN CHILD.

Room, gentle flowers ! my child would pass to heaven !  
Ye look'd not for her yet with your soft eyes,  
O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door !  
But lo ! while you delay to let her forth,  
Angels, beyond, stay for her ! One long kiss  
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,  
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire  
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life  
Held as a welcome to her. Weep ! oh mother !  
But not that from this cup of bitterness  
A cherub of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart !  
My daughter ! It is soon to let thee go !  
My daughter ! With thy birth has gush'd a spring  
I knew not of — filling my heart with tears,  
And turning with strange tenderness to thee —  
A love — oh God ! it seems so — that must flow  
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me,  
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain  
Drawing me after thee ! And so, farewell !

'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows  
No place to treasure up its lov'd and lost  
But the foul grave ! Thou, who so late wast sleeping  
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,  
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving  
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,  
How can I leave thee — *here* ! Alas for man !  
The herb in its humility may fall  
And waste into the bright and genial air,  
While we — by hands that minister'd in life  
Nothing but love to us — are thrust away —  
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,  
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,  
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,  
And thought how little it would seem like death  
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,  
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps  
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,  
Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone ;  
The birds are never silent that build here,  
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters :  
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,  
And far below, seen under arching leaves,  
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,  
Pointing the living after thee. And this

Seems like a comfort ; and, replacing now  
 The flowers that have made room for thee, I go  
 To whisper the same peace to her who lies —  
 Robb'd of her child, and lonely. 'Tis the work  
 Of many a dark hour and of many a prayer,  
 To bring the heart back from an infant gone.  
 Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot  
 The images from all the silent rooms,  
 And every sight and sound familiar to her  
 Undo its sweetest link — and so at last  
 The fountain — that once struck, must flow for ever,  
 Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile  
 Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring  
 Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,  
 And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,  
 Look on each other cheerfully, and say, —  
*A child that we have lov'd is gone to heaven,  
 And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away !*

ON  
THE DEPARTURE OF REV. MR. WHITE  
FROM HIS PARISH, WHEN CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF  
WABASH COLLEGE.

LEAVE us not, man of prayer ! Like Paul, hast thou  
“ Serv’d God with all humility of mind,”  
Dwelling among us, and “ with many tears,”  
“ From house to house,” “ by night and day not  
ceasing,”

Hast pleaded thy blest errand. Leave us not !  
Leave us not now ! The Sabbath bell, so long  
Link’d with thy voice—the prelude to thy prayer—  
The call to us from heaven to come with thee  
Into the house of God, and, from thy lips,  
Hear what had fall’n upon thy heart—will sound  
Lonely and mournfully when thou art gone !  
Our prayers are in thy words—our hope in Christ  
Warm’d on thy lips—our darkling thoughts of God  
Follow’d thy lov’d call upward—and so knit  
Is all our worship with those outspread hands,  
And the imploring voice, which, well we knew,  
Sank in the ear of Jesus—that, with thee,

The angel's ladder seems remov'd from sight,  
 And we astray in darkness! Leave us not!  
 Leave not the dead! They have lain calmly down—  
 Thy comfort in their ears—believing well  
 That when thine own more holy work was done,  
 Thou wouldst lie down beside them, and be near  
 When the last trump shall summon, to fold up  
 Thy flock affrighted, and with that same voice,  
 Whose whisper'd promises could sweeten death,  
 Take up once more the interrupted strain,  
 And wait Christ's coming, saying, "Here am I,  
 And those whom thou hast given me!" Leave not  
 The old, who, 'mid the gathering shadows, cling  
 To their accustom'd staff, and know not how  
 To lose thee, and so near the darkest hour!  
 Leave not the penitent, whose soul may be  
 Deaf to the strange voice, but awake to thine!  
 Leave not the mourner thou hast sooth'd—the heart  
 Turns to its comforter again! Leave not  
 The child thou hast baptiz'd! another's care  
 May not keep bright, upon the mother's heart,  
 The covenant seal: the infant's ear has caught  
 Words it has strangely ponder'd from thy lips,  
 And the remember'd tone may find again,  
 And quicken for the harvest, the first seed  
 Sown for eternity! Leave not the child

324 ON THE DEPARTURE OF MR. WHITE.

Yet if thou wilt — if, “bound in spirit,” thou  
Must go, and we shall see thy face no more,  
“The will of God be done!” We do not say  
Remember us — thou wilt — in love and prayer!  
And thou wilt be remember’d — by *the dead*,  
When the last trump awakes them — by *the old*,  
When, of the “silver cord” whose strength thou  
knowest,  
The last thread fails — by *the bereav’d and stricken*,  
When the dark cloud, wherein thou found’st a spot  
Broke by the light of mercy, lowers again —  
By *the sad mother*, pleading for her child,  
In murmurs difficult, since thou art gone —  
By *all thou leavest*, when the Sabbath bell  
Brings us together, and the closing hymn  
Hushes our hearts to pray, and thy lov’d voice,  
That all our wants are grown to, (only thus,  
’Twould seem, articulate to God,) falls not  
Upon our listening ears — remember’d thus —  
Remember’d well — in all our holiest hours —  
Will be the faithful shepherd we have lost!  
And ever with one prayer, for which our love  
Will find the pleading words — that in the light  
Of heaven we may behold his face once more!

## THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,  
 Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,  
 Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,  
 Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er —  
 That through these fringed lids we see the soul  
 Steep'd in the blue of its remember'd home;  
 And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,  
 Whispering to thee — and 'tis then I see  
 Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven !

And what is thy far errand, my fair child?  
 Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,  
 To find thy way through darkness home again?  
 Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky?  
 Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,  
 The cherub and the angel thou mayst be,  
 A life's probation in this sadder world?  
 Art thou, with memory of two things only,  
 Music and light, left upon earth astray,  
 And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,  
 Look'd for with fear and trembling ?

God ! who gavest  
 Into my guiding hand this wanderer,



326      THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

To lead her through a world whose darkling paths  
I tread with steps so faltering — leave not me  
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone !  
I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on —  
The angels who now visit her in dreams !  
Bid them be near her pillow till in death  
The clos'd eyes look upon Thy face once more !  
And let the light and music, which the world  
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense  
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her  
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp  
To lead her steps unto Thee !

## REVERY AT GLENMARY.

I HAVE enough, O God! My heart to-night  
 Runs over with its fulness of content ;  
 And as I look out on the fragrant stars,  
 And from the beauty of the night take in  
*My* priceless portion — yet myself no more  
 Than in the universe a grain of sand —  
 I feel His glory who could make a world,  
 Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness  
 Leave not a flower unfinish'd !

Rich, though poor !

My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.  
 Music is in it — and the song she sings,  
 That sweet-voic'd wife of mine, arrests the ear  
 Of my young child awake upon her knee ;  
 And, with his calm eyes on his master's face,  
 My noble hound lies couchant — and all here —  
 All in this little home, yet boundless heaven —  
 Are, in such love as I have power to give,  
 Blessed to overflowing.

Thou, who look'st

Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,  
 Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew . . .

Sent to the hidden violet by Thee ;  
And, as that flower, from its unseen abode,  
Sends its sweet breath up, duly, to the sky,  
Changing its gift to incense, so, O God,  
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
Find their far way from heaven, send up to Thee  
Fragrance at thy throne welcome !

## A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,  
 Child of my love ! I tremble to believe  
 That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
 The shadow of my heart will always pass ; —  
 A heart that from its struggle with the world  
 Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
 And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
 Asks for its idol ! Strange, that flowers of earth  
 Are visited by every air that stirs,  
 And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
 That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven  
 May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
 And bear the blight for ever !

I have wept  
 With gladness at the gift of this fair child !  
 My life is bound up in her. But, O God !  
 Thou knowest how heavily my heart at times  
 Bears its sweet burden ; and if thou hast given  
 To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,  
 To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,

330      A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

*Take thou its love*, I pray Thee! Give it light —  
Though, following the sun, it turn from me! —  
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light  
Shining about her, draw me to my child!  
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

THE END.

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10

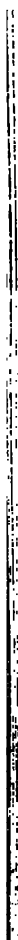
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